

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

CHRISTIAN LIFE IN THE CATACOMBS.

NUMBER I.

FEW places in Rome are more attractive to the student of Christian archæology than the Lapidarian gallery in the palace of the Vatican. In this long corridor* are preserved a multitude of epigraphic remains of the venerable past,—shattered wrecks of antiquity, which have floated down the stream of time, and have here, as in a quiet haven, at length found shelter. The walls on either side are completely covered with inscribed slabs affixed to their surface. On the right hand are arranged sepulchral and votive tablets, altar-dedications, fragments of imperial rescripts and edicts, and other evidences of the power and splendor of the palmy days of Rome. On the left are the humble epitaphs of the early Christians, rudely carved in stone or baked in terra cotta, and brought hither chiefly from the crypts of the Catacombs.

Of greater interest to him who would rehabilitate the early ages of the Church, and

"To the sessions of sweet silent thought
Would summon up remembrance of things past,"

is this long corridor of inscriptions than any of the four thousand apartments of that vast palace of the popes, with their

priceless bronzes, marbles, gems, frescoes, and other remains of classic art. He will turn away from the noble galleries where the Laocoön forever writhes in stone; and Apollo, lord of the unerring bow, watches his arrow hurtling toward its mark, to the plain marble slabs that line these walls. Here the monuments of pagan and of Christian Rome confront each other. The spectator stands between two worlds of widest divergence, and can not but be struck with the immense contrast between them. On the one hand are recorded the pride and pomp of worldly rank, the varied titles and manifold distinctions of every class of society. The undying historic names of Rome's tribunes and consuls, as well as of her mighty conquerors, the leaders of her cohorts and legions, mingle with those of her proud patrician citizens, and alike display, on their sepulchral slabs, the august array of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen*, which attest their lofty social position or civil power. The costly carving and elaborate bas-reliefs of many of these monuments indicate the wealth of those they commemorate. The elegantly turned classic epitaph, with its elegiac hexameters, breathing the stern and cold philosophy of the Stoa, or an utter blankness of despair about the future; or, perchance, a querulous and

* It is eight hundred feet in extent, and contains about three thousand inscriptions.

passionate complaining against the gods,* show how the races without the knowledge of the true God met the awful mystery of death. The numerous altars to all the fabled deities of the Pantheon, the vaunting inscriptions and lofty attributes ascribed to the shadowy brood of Olympus,—“unconquered, greatest, and best,”—read, by the light of to-day, like an unconscious satire on the high pretensions of those vanished powers.

On the other side of the corridor are the humble epitaphs of the despised and persecuted Christians, many of which, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that “not many mighty, not many noble, are called.” Yet these “short and simple annals of the poor” speak to the heart with a power and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task, to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs,—that vast grave-yard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead, at our questioning to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the Golden Age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions,—

“Rudely written, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter,”—

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by any other evidence extant. These simple epitaphs speak no conventional language, like the edicts of the emperors and the monuments of the mighty, or even the writings of the Christian fathers. They lift the veil of ages from the buried past, and make it live again, lit up with a

thousand natural touches, which we seek in vain from books. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations, the social position, domestic relations, and general character of the primitive Christians, of which we get few glimpses in the crowded page of history. To him who thoughtfully ponders them these unpretending records become instinct with profoundest meaning. They utter the cry of the human heart in the hour of its deepest emotion, and in the solemn presence of death. We hear the sob of natural sorrow at the dislocating wrench of hearts long knit together in affection's holiest ties; we witness the dropping tears of fond regret over the early dead; and seem to listen to

“The fall of kisses on unanswering clay.”

We see the emblematic crown and palm rudely scratched upon the grave wherein the Christian athlete, having fought the fight and kept the faith, “after life's fitful fever sleepeth well.” We read, too, the intimations of the worldly rank of the deceased, — sometimes exalted, more often lowly and obscure, — and frequently accompanied by the emblem of their humble toil.* The very names written on these marble tablets are often beautifully and designedly expressive of Christian sentiment or character.

Sometimes the correspondence of name and character is indicated, as in the following: † ΣΙΜΠΛΙΚΙΑ Η ΚΑΙ ΚΑΛΩΝΥΜΟΙ,—“Simplicia, who was rightly so called;” HIC VERVS QVI SEMPER VERA LOCVTVS,—“Here (lies) Verus, who ever spoke verity.” These names were frequently assumed in adult age, when the convert from paganism laid aside his former designation, often of an idolatrous meaning, in order to adopt one more

* Many of the inscriptions are in Greek, which seems to have been largely employed even by the Latin-speaking Christians, probably because in it the new Evangel was first proclaimed. Thus the new wine of the Gospel flowed from that classic chalice which so long had poured libations to the gods.

† In several of the following inscriptions, the classical reader will detect irregular spelling and construction, which must be taken as we find them.

* As in the following: PROCOPE. MANVS. LEO. CONTRA. DEVM. QVI. ME. INNOCENTEM. SVSTVLIT.—“I, Procope, lift up my hands against the god who has snatched away me innocent.” ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVAE FVNERE GAVDES QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVE,—“O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched away from me?”

consistent with the Christian profession. Thus we have such beautifully significant names as, INNOCENTIA, "Innocence;" PRVDENTIA, "Prudence;" ΠΙΣΤΙΣ, "faith;" ΕΛΠΙΣ, "Hope; ΑΓΑΠΗ, "Love;" ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, "Peace;" ΕΥΣΕΒΙΟΣ, "Pious;" and the adjectives, FIDELIS, "Faithful;" CASTA, "Pure;" BENIGNVS, "Kind;" ΕΓΓΕΝΒΑ, "Sincere;" ΔΥΛΚΙΣΣΙΜΑ, "Most Sweet;" and the like.

Sometimes, too, a pious word or phrase was used as a proper name, as among the ancient Hebrews and the English Puritans. Thus we have such examples as, QVOD VVLT DEVS, "What God wills;" DEVS DEDIT, "God gave;" ADEODATVS, and ADEODATA, "Given by God;" RENATVS, "Born again;" REDEMPVTVS, "Redeemed;" ACCEPTISSIMA, "Well pleasing;" ΕΥΣΠΟΖΑΕΚΤΟΣ, "Accepted;" and ΣΩΖΟΜΕΝΗ, "Saved."

Some of the names in these inscriptions were probably given by the heathen, in reproach and contempt, but were afterward adopted by the Christians, in humility and self-abasement. It is difficult to account otherwise for such names as CONTVMELIOSVS, "Injurious;" CALAMITOSA, "Destructive;" PROJECTVS, "Cast out;" and especially such opprobrious epithets as FIMVS and STERCORIA, "Dung" and "Filth." In the last there may be an allusion to the words of St. Paul, "We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." Thus the primitive believers bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, exulted in their "glorious infamy," and changed the brand of shame into the badge of glory.

Sometimes a sort of pun, or play upon words occurs, as in the following: HIC JACET GLYCONIS, DVLCIS NOMINE ERAT, ANIMA QVOQVE DVLCIOR VSQVE,— "Here lies Glyconis; she was sweet by name, her disposition also was even sweeter;" HEIC EST SEPVLCRVM PVLCRVM PULCRÆ FEMINÆ,— "Here is the beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman." Much of the paronomasia, however, is lost in translation. Most of the names, as might be expected, are of classical origin. We find also in-

dications of the custom of adopting the names of the reigning dynasty. The modern Victorias and Alberts find their analogues in the Aurelias and Constantinas of the Aurelian and Constantinian periods. The lofty *prænomen*, *nomen*, and *cognomen* of the pagan epitaphs do not appear among the Christians. Having renounced the pride of birth and place and power, they laid aside their worldly titles for the new name given in baptism. In some instances the name of the deceased is not recorded in the epitaph at all; perhaps, as Fabretti suggests, because "they wished them to be written only in the Book of Life."

These sepulchral slabs also frequently give intimations of the social rank and occupations of the departed. Sometimes, especially after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire, the enumeration of titles indicates exalted position, and the holding of important offices of state; as, for example, the following: JVLIVS FELIX VALENTINIANVS, VC. ET. SP. EX-SILENTIARIO SACRI PALATII EX-COM. CONSISTORII COM. DOM.,—"Julius Felix Valentinianus, a man of the highest distinction and consideration, ex-Silentiary of the Sacred Palace, ex-Count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops." (A. D. 519.) We have also such examples as, SCRINARIVS PATRICIÆ SEDIS, "Secretary of the Patrician Order;" ARGENTARIVS, "a money dealer;" VESTITOR IMPERATORIVS, "Master of the Imperial Wardrobe," etc.

The great body of Christians, however, were of lowly rank, many of them, probably, slaves, by which oppressed class most of the arts of life were carried on. It was the sneer of Celsus, that "workmen, leather-dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel;" but Tertullian retorts, that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew. The emblems of the occupation of the vine-dresser, carpenter, mason, currier, wool-comber, shoemaker, and the like, occur on many of the funeral slabs. We find also such records of trade

as, *PISTOR REGIONIS XII.*, "a baker of the twelfth district;" *ORTVLANVS (sic)*, "a gardener;" *KORREARARIVS*, "a granary-keeper;" *CARBONARIVS*, "a charcoal-seller;" *POPINARIVS*, "a victualler;" *BVBVLARIVS DE MACELLO*, "a flesher from the shambles;" *CAPSARIVS DE ANTONINIAS*, "a keeper of clothes at the Antonine baths;" *QVADRATARIVS*, "a stone-squarer;" *POLLICLA QUI ORDEVM BENDIT (sic) DE BIANOBA (sic)*,—"Pollicla, who sell barley in the New Street;" *JOHANNIS V. H. OLOGRAFVS (sic) PROPINA ISIDORI*,—"John, a respectable man, a book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus;" and, less reputable than any, *VRBANVS V. H. TABERNARIVS*,—"Urban, a respectable man, a tavern-keeper." This last, however, is of date A. D. 584, when the purity of faith and practice had greatly degenerated. While many of Rome's proudest monuments have crumbled away, these lowly records of the early Christians have been preserved for our study.*

Very often some phrase expressive of the Christian character or distinguished virtues of the deceased is inscribed in loving remembrance by his sorrowing friends. These testimonies are calculated

to inspire a very high opinion of the purity, blamelessness, and nobility of life, of the primitive believers, all the more striking from its contrast with the abominable corruptions of the pagan society by which they were surrounded. With many points of external resemblance to heathen inscriptions, there is, in those of Christian origin, a world-wide difference of informing spirit. Instead of the pomp and pride of pagan panegyric, we have the celebration of the modest virtues of meekness, gentleness, and truth. The Christian ideal of excellence, as indicated by the nature of the praises bestowed on the departed, is shown to be utterly foreign to that of heathen sentiment. The following are characteristic examples: *IN SIMPLICITATE VIXIT AMICVS PAUPERVM INNOCENTIVM MISERICORS SPECTABILIS ET PENITENS*,—"He lived in simplicity, a friend to the poor, compassionate to the innocent, a man of consideration, and penitent." *INFANTIE ETAS VIRGINITATIS INTEGRITAS MORVM GRAVITAS FIDEI ET REVERENTIE DISCIPLINA*,—"Of youthful age, of spotless maidenhood, of grave manners, well disciplined in faith and reverence." W. H. WITHROW.

* It may not be uninteresting to notice some of the trades and occupations mentioned in pagan epitaphs. They are of a much wider range than those of the Christians, indicating that the latter were a "peculiar people," excluded from many pursuits on account of their immoral or idolatrous character. We find such examples as, *MAGISTER LVDI*, "master of the games;" *MINGATVR POCVLL*, "toast-master;"

DOCTOR MYRMILON, "teacher of the gladiators;" *DERISOR OR SCYVRA CONVIVIORVM*, "buffoon, or clown of the revels;" *STYFIDVS GREGIS VRBANI*, "clown of the city company of mountebanks." One of the most remarkable is that of *FANATICVS*, in the temple of Isis; that is, one hired to stimulate the zeal of the votaries of the goddess by wild and frantic gestures, attributed to the inspiration of the deity.

RAMBLES IN EGYPT.

THE scene at the depot in Cairo was not only interesting, but also intensely exciting. It appeared to me that all the nations of the earth had representatives in that vast crowd which was assembled there. The strange medley and wild confusion almost bewildered me. Costumes and complexions of various colors constituted a novel sight. Turbaned heads predominated; the black one of the Copt, the dark blue of the Jew, and the green and white of the Moslem, being the most attractive and conspicuous. The shining black face of the Nubian, and the swarthy countenance of the Abyssinian, strongly contrasted with the copper hue of the Bedouin, and the white of the European. Through this mixed multitude, I was conducted to my carriage, and conveyed to Shepherd's Hotel.

Cairo is a modern city when compared with Karnac, Thebes, and Memphis, having been founded about A. D. 970, by Moez, an Arab caliph from Western Africa, who called it *Misr El-Kahira*, or "The Victorious," which name, it is said, the Italians corrupted into Cairo. Its original site was at Fostat, or Old Cairo, eight miles up the river; but the government transferred its seat to the present location in the twelfth century. It stands partly on a plain, and partly on the slope of the Mankatten range, which subsides into the Delta of the Nile and the desert of Suez. Its form is oblong, being nearly three miles in length and almost two in breadth, making the circumference of the city about seven miles. A substantial stone wall, built by Saladin, surrounds it.

The appearance of Cairo is decidedly Oriental, and affords a fine opportunity to study Moslem character and customs. Its population of three hundred and fifty thousand is composed almost exclusively of native Egyptians, who are interesting to the stranger, because their dress and habits of life are patriarchal, reminding

the student of the Bible of Abraham and Moses. It is not probable, however, that those ancient brethren were as filthy as the descendants of the Pharaohs. These people live in miserable hovels, whose walls are mud or unburnt bricks, and whose floors are stone or clay. The lower floor of their houses is generally occupied by camels, donkeys, chickens, dogs, and fleas.

The streets of the city are numerous, narrow, and crooked, there being but one in the business portion of the place wide enough for carriages; this is the *Muskay*, a great public thoroughfare, having the enormous width of thirty-two feet; many of the others are not more than eight or ten feet. The favorite resort is the *Ezbekieh*, a public square, or city park, which is to Cairo what the *Champs Elysées* is to Paris. It is a beautiful plat of ground, checkered with walks, and covered with ornamental trees, while its numerous booths, stalls, and drinking-houses are crowded with people, to whom bands discourse sweet music every evening. On the west of this park is the palace of the late Mohammed Bey, in the garden of which the unfortunate Kleber was assassinated; on the other side of it are the houses of the Copt quarter, while, here and there, the office of a consul, or the front of a large hotel, is seen.

One of the prominent features of the city is its bazaars, or the principal market-places, where all kinds of merchandise is bought and sold. Some of these seem to extend along whole streets, and represent special departments of merchandise. These bazaars are constantly thronged by multitudes of people, who are commingled, in strange confusion, with camels, horses, and donkeys; and the noise and bustle, the pushing and scrambling, the screaming and gesticulating, present a wild and unique scene, that can only be witnessed in an Arabic city.

In the vicinity of the *Ezbekieh*, or the

suburbs of the city, where carriages can be used, the ceremonial parade of the Turkish officials occurs. This is an imposing ceremony, and no doubt, makes a deep impression upon the minds of the common people. Dressed in the gorgeous robes of state, and seated in splendid conveyances, drawn by richly caparisoned steeds, with a liveried driver holding the reins, these grandees make a great display. A peculiar feature connected with this pageant is the runner, with long white skirt and large turban, bearing a sword of state, or staff of authority, who runs constantly two or three rods before the carriage, calling out for the way to be cleared. It is astonishing what speed and power of endurance these footmen have, keeping their distance in front of the carriage, even when the horses are making fast time. This Oriental custom prevailed in the days of Elijah, who, desiring to honor the king, ran before Ahab's chariot, from Carmel to the "entrance of Jezreel."

The great attraction of Cairo is its mosques, which number between three and four hundred. Like the cathedrals in Roman Catholic countries, these are always open for public prayer, and to them the devout come at all times a day, to perform their devotions. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, but the Moslems do not abstain on that day from their ordinary work, except at noon, which is the hour of prayer; and then the mosques are usually crowded. These structures are generally built of stone, and the alternate layers are of different colors, first red and then white, to make them more attractive in external appearance. The side of the building facing Mecca is the most important one, having a larger portico, and one or two extra rows of columns. This part of the mosque is the place of prayer and the main audience-room. In the wall is a niche, indicating the direction of Mecca, to which the faces of the worshipers are always turned. The pulpit is to the right of the niche, and, on the opposite side of the room, there is usually a raised platform, supported by

small columns, on which is arranged a desk or table. There the Koran is kept, and from it, on various occasions, a chapter is read to the congregation.

The interior of these mosques is generally plain. A sort of entablature, resembling the fronts of the galleries in our churches, extends around the main audience-room, over the columns. These are ornamented with various devices, usually texts from the Koran, sometimes in stucco, sometimes carved. No representations of animals or men, or any thing that has life, are allowed in their ornaments. The floors have no seats, and are covered with matting, to accommodate the kneeling worshipers. In their congregations, the Moslems recognize no distinctions of rank. On these floors, the rich and the poor pray side by side. But no women are to be seen in these public assemblies. There is no prohibition in the Koran that excludes them from the mosque, but they are taught it is better for them to pray in private. It is only in Christian countries that woman is treated as an intelligent, immortal, and accountable being.

The mosque of Amron or Amer, named in honor of the lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, in the old city, built in 642, is not only the oldest mosque in Cairo, but the oldest in the world. It is said to have been erected upon the spot where Amer, with his conquering Saracen forces, encamped, in the first subjugation of Egypt to the Moslem power. It now stands amid the mounds and rubbish of the ruined houses that have fallen into decay around it. In a state of dilapidation, enough only of the structure remains to give an idea of its original grandeur and simplicity. It is an object of interest and curiosity as a monument of the architectural taste and skill of those ancient and semi-barbaric times. The columns of granite and porphyry, which it borrowed from the temples of a more ancient worship at Memphis, have disappeared, and the marble tablets, on which the full text of the Koran was written, have gone with them.

Another important mosque is that of Ahmed-ebn-Souloun, built in 877, in the earliest Saracenic style. Hence, it was erected ninety years before any other part of the city. This is shown by two inscriptions, in ancient Cufic characters, on a portion of the wall of one of the courts. Within the colonnades, along the cornice, above the arches, are Cufic inscriptions on wood. The Arabic character, it is said, was adopted A. D. 950, but the Cufic continued to be used long after; and, as late as A. D. 1508, both Arabic and Cufic were employed. A peculiarity about this structure, of special interest to architects, is the pointed arches. There has been considerable controversy concerning the origin of the pointed arch, and it is claimed that this building establishes the fact of its existence in Egypt three hundred years before its introduction into England.

The interior of the mosque has a dirty, gloomy appearance, and we were not inclined to linger. The ascent of the minaret is made on an exterior spiral stairway, which we did not observe in connection with any other mosque. The exposure of a thousand years has caused its stone steps to crumble, and the ascent is somewhat dangerous; but, when the visitor reaches the summit, he is repaid for the risk. The building being upon an eminence, its minaret towers far above the city, and affords a magnificent view. This mosque was designed for a tomb and a monument, as well as for a place of worship. In one of the corners of it repose the ashes of Gama Tayloón, who reigned over Egypt from A. D. 868 to A. D. 884. History informs us that he was possessed of great treasures, and thereon raised his power. His son and successor, Ahmed, after whom the mosque was named, was the father of the poor, but inexorable in the punishment of crime; and eighteen thousand persons were executed during his reign.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan is one of the most beautiful specimens of Arabian architecture in Cairo, and some pronounce it the most perfect religious struc-

ture in the country. It was erected about A. D. 1350. The materials that compose it were procured by an act of vandalism which is reprehensible. The mighty pyramid of Cheops was the quarry, and the mosque is, therefore, the offspring of a ruined tomb. The interior is imposing, presenting to the eye symmetry of proportion, magnificent arches, and elaborateness of ornament. The arch on the side of the court toward Mecca has a span of over sixty-nine feet. This mosque is also a mausoleum for the dead. In one portion of it is a spacious room covered with a lofty dome of wood, and ornamented with various devices of plaster work. In the center is a space, protected by a railing, which incloses the tomb of Sultan Hassan. This celebrated man was murdered in that very sanctuary by the Mamelukes, and the stains of his blood are still shown upon the beautifully tessellated marble pavement. On the head of his tomb is laid a large and splendid copy of the Koran, magnificently illuminated with golden colors.

Another very grand mosque of Azhar, though built nine hundred years ago, was repaired in 1672, and is in admirable preservation. Its principal use, however, is not that of religious worship. It is the most popular university in Egypt. The scientific course pursued here embraces the Koran, versification, grammar, civil law, commercial law, and ecclesiastical law. Two thousand students, of different ages and sizes, sit on the floor in circles, whose circumference is as regular as if they had been described by the compass; they sit cross-legged, facing inward, while the professors stand at convenient distances, so as to hear and instruct several circles. Each student has a book before him, and commits its text to memory by rehearsal, constantly swinging backward and forward during the exercise; not only the students in one circle, but all the students in all the circles, rehearsing in chorus. We inquired in which of the schools of philosophy of ancient Egypt this form of instruction was instituted, but received no satisfactory answer. We

think it must have originated at the tower of Babel.

The mosque of Mohammed Ali is a gorgeous structure, the finest and most renowned in modern Egypt. Standing upon the hill of the citadel, and inclosed by its ramparts of walls, it lifts its proud form high above all its companions. It is of purely Saracenic construction, and, by reason of its advantageous site, grand dimensions, and its elevated dome and minarets, is the most conspicuous and admired object in Cairo. Within and without, including walls, pillars, pavements, arches, and dome, the material is beautiful Oriental alabaster. The interior shows a departure from the ancient style of architecture we have before contemplated. A Western taste has left its stamp on its general Oriental features. In it is the tomb of Mohammed Ali, which occupies a conspicuous part of the building; a railing surrounds it, gorgeous decorations have been lavished upon it, and near it lights are kept continually burning. The remains of Mohammed Ali rest in an immense alabaster sarcophagus, always covered with rich tapestry. While visiting this and other mosques, we were compelled to leave our boots and shoes with the Arab servants at the doors, and use slippers.

In the court surrounding the mosque, there was enacted, by this same Mohammed Ali, one of the bloodiest scenes. The Mamelukes had great power and influence in the government of Egypt, and, being a treacherous race, were not trusted by Mohammed Ali, who did not feel secure while they were plotting against him. Already he had discovered a conspiracy to overthrow his government and assassinate his person. He resolved to destroy the Mamelukes, and at once proposed to send an expedition into Arabia to deliver the Holy Land from the Wahabees, who had taken possession of Mecca and Medina.

The elevation of his son, Tossoom Pasha, to the important command of this expedition was made the pretext for a celebration at the royal palace, to

which all the dignitaries of the realm were invited; and special pains were taken to have the Mamelukes present. The 1st of March, 1811, was the day appointed for the great feast. At its conclusion, the guests were preparing to retire, when they were fired upon by sharp-shooters, concealed in the citadel. The gates were shut, so that none could escape; and of all the four hundred and forty of their chief men, who were assembled there on that fearful night, but one escaped. Emir Bey leaped his horse over that citadel precipice, and, it is said, a heap of rubbish at the bottom broke the fall, and the horse and rider went on their way rejoicing. The massacre extended to the city, and a general order of extermination was given. Refuge was denied the Mameluke race, under penalties of severe punishment. Their houses were plundered, their families murdered; and no less than twelve hundred lives were sacrificed in the city and surrounding country, besides the four hundred and forty who perished in the citadel, with their chief, Ibrahim Bey. It was a treacherous, cold-blooded murder, and ended the Mameluke power in Egypt.

Although the citadel of Cairo has been rendered unreliable as a fortress, it very justly excites admiration. It is a combination of fortifications, palaces, and mosques, and stands on a rocky bluff of the desert, three hundred feet above the Nile; and, while it overlooks the entire city, it commands a view, not only of the pyramids of Gizeh, but also those of Lucena, and a view of the Nile, from ancient Memphis far down the Delta. A well which supplied water to the citadel is an object of much interest and curiosity. It was excavated by Salah-ed-dyn (Saladin), otherwise known as Yussuf-ebn-Ayoub, and from him called Joseph's well. It is cut into the solid rock, to the enormous depth of two hundred and seventy feet, and consists of two stories or chambers. Around the well is a winding staircase, cut also in the rock. The water is raised from the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet, into the

chamber, worked by men stationed at the bottom. Thence it is brought to the top of the well by another mechanical process. Popular superstition, seizing on the legendary history of the patriarch Joseph, long regarded him, and not Saladin, as the Yussef who made the well; and, at last, by an exercise of still greater credulity, it has come to be regarded, irrespective of topographical evidence to the contrary, as the veritable "pit" into which Jacob's pious son was thrown by his naughty brethren, in revenge for his having received a pretty coat.

The magnificent palace of Saladin, its audience chamber graced with thirty-two majestic monolith columns, was injured thirty years ago by an explosion, which necessitated its removal. In its stead was built the last elegant palace of Mohammed Ali, which is now the residence of the young prince, Mohammed Tauphik. When the invader drives him from the beautiful gardens of Shoubra, he can shut himself up in the citadel. His present home, or harem, is surrounded with magnificent fountains and miniature gardens. There the munitions of war are to be seen: cannon, swivel, and howitzer stand ready balanced to welcome the approaching foe; platoons, battalions, and brigades regularly perform their evolutions.

The Khedive is reorganizing his army on the Western system of evolutions and tactics. For this purpose, he has taken the loyal General Stone as chief-of-staff, and the loyal General Mott as aid-de-camp, and, with these, some eight or ten military men, who distinguished themselves in the Confederate army. The Egyptian army, clothed in pure white uniforms, presented a fine appearance; and their drill, which we witnessed, indicated that American military training was of great advantage to the Khedive's troops. It is not improbable that the peculiar relations existing between the Viceroy of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey impel the former to keep his army on a superior war footing.

Ismail Pasha, the present Khedive, or

Viceroy, is a son of the eminent Ibrahim Pasha, and grandson of the illustrious Mohammed Ali, the restorer of Egypt, after its ruin under the sway of the Mamelukes. He succeeded his uncle, Said Pasha, in 1863, and is fifty-six years old. By a treaty which he made recently with the Sultan, the succession is confirmed to his family in a direct line. His derivation is from Macedonia, and his appearance is decidedly European. He was educated, in part, in France. He speaks the French language, and inclines to French tastes and affinities. Although the Khedive's countenance is dull and heavy, he converses in French with ease, sagacity, and intelligence. Mr. Seward said, if he had met the Khedive in a social circle, *incognito*, he should have thought him an accomplished country gentleman, interested in education and social reform, or a railroad contractor, a speculator in lands, or a planter, just as the subject of conversation might happen to turn. He has two traits most admirable in administrator or in prince,—perfect good nature and equanimity.

Mohammed Tauphik is the eldest son and heir apparent of the Khedive. He is about twenty, handsome, intelligent, and carefully educated by European masters. We learn that his sagacious father, notwithstanding religious prejudices, insists upon Tauphik's mingling freely with European society. Cherif Pasha, President of Council of State and Prime Minister, is a very able and sagacious statesman. Houbar Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is an Armenian Christian, spirited and well informed, but somewhat restless under the restraint imposed on the Khedive's government by the Christian powers, as well as by the Ottoman Porte. If Egypt would shake off the Turkish yoke and be free, she would be the most progressive nation in the Orient. But her future depends more upon her moral and intellectual elevation than her political independence. The masses of the people are very ignorant and depraved. Mohammedanism has degraded its devotees, and made them servile, rendering

them incapable of appreciating freedom, should it be granted them. While America has sent generals to discipline the Egyptian army, and experienced laborers to improve Egyptian manufactures, it has done still more to elevate Egyptian morals.

It may be interesting and encouraging for the Christian world to know the past history and present condition of Protestantism in Egypt. While it is not what we desire, yet the progress of Christianity, considering the obstacles to be overcome, has been more rapid than was anticipated. According to a policy which has produced the most beneficial results, the missionary work in Egypt, as if by the common consent of the Church at large, was assigned to the denomination that first occupied the field. This was the United Presbyterian Church of America.

In 1855, a mission was commenced in Cairo, and it has grown to be a prosperous one. The society, organized in 1863, has between forty and fifty communicants. There are twelve laborers, including seven natives. Two hundred and thirty pupils receive instruction in the day-school, both sexes being about equally divided. Having a Sabbath to spend in Cairo, we went to this American mission. It was a lovely morning in February; the sun shone brightly in a cloudless Egyptian sky, the air was sweet and balmy, and the birds sang in gardens. Leaving our hotel, and following an Arab boy, we were soon in the crowded streets, on our way to the place of worship. It was our first Sabbath among Mohammedans. To one accustomed to spend the day in a Christian land, and in Christian worship, the scene seems strange indeed. The Mohammedan Sabbath comes on Friday, the Jew's on Saturday, and the Christian's on the first day of the week. Though there are three Sundays in succession, in reality there is none at all. The Mohammedan Sabbath is but little regarded. As we went to Church on that Christian Sabbath, we observed the bazaars all open; the mechanic plied his instruments of labor, the fellah was betaking himself

to his accustomed pursuits, while busy, noisy throngs of men and loaded camels and donkeys obstructed our way until we reached the mission building. It is situated in the best part of the city, and was donated to the missionaries by the Khedive. The property is valuable, and affords accommodations for the various agencies of the mission. Such a gift, from such a source, infused a new life into the small society, and led it "to thank God, and take courage."

Ascending the steps leading from the first to the second story, we were ushered into the main audience-room, which was comfortably filled with converted natives. It was truly a strange scene. The peculiar dress and complexion of the worshippers, and the unknown language in which the services are conducted, deeply impressed us. Rev. Dr. Lansing, an American missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, addressed the congregation in Arabic. The people listened attentively to the sermon, sang with spirit at the close, and, during the entire service, exhibited great earnestness and sincerity. Immediately after these Arabic exercises, Rev. Dr. Barnet, another American missionary, preached to a large number of English residents and strangers in Cairo. While hearing the Gospel for the first time in the land so often mentioned in the Bible, as the scene of thrilling events in the history of God's chosen people, we seemed to enjoy it more than ever before.

Our visit to the mission school, held in the basement of the building, was a delightful privilege. We found one room occupied by a very interesting Bible-class composed of ten or twelve scholars, taught by a promising young man, a convert from the Coptic religion. He could converse in English, and interpreted the recitations for us. The lesson was in the first chapter of the Gospel by John; and the subject, the divinity of Christ. These young men were being soundly indoctrinated, and, no doubt, will soon be preaching Christ in the dark land of Egypt. In another room, Mrs. Lansing had charge

of the young children, who seemed to be devotedly attached to her. Their sparkling black eyes and dusky faces were turned up to hers with loving tenderness, as she told them the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." At our request, they sang, and, though the Arabic language has no music in it, there was something melodious then, because the tunes employed were such as we sing in the Sabbath-schools of America. How we were surprised and delighted to hear them in that distant land!

The success of this mission in Cairo, Alexandria, Osiont, and other parts of Egypt, is attributable to the fact that the Copts are being reached. This sect has between one hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand adherents in Egypt, and it is estimated that seventy-five thousand of them are in Cairo. Though they have partially mixed their blood with their Nubian and Arabian neighbors on either side, they are universally recognized as the only true descendants of the ancient Egyptian race. They accepted Christianity in the first century, and, adopting the asceticism which was affected by the disciples of our faith in that early period, they incorporated a Church with a powerful hierarchy and monastic institutions, the models perhaps of those institutions that have so long existed throughout Christendom. They established a litany. Amid all the changes that have occurred in the ecclesiastical world, they still preserve their hierarchy, those monastic institutions, and that litany. In the great theological disputes which distracted Christendom from the fourth century to the tenth, they rejected equally the supremacy of the Patriarch at Constantinople and that of the Bishop of Rome. In the main, they go with the Romish Church in requiring celibacy for the clergy, while they adhere with the Greek Church to the abstruse metaphysical doctrines, that, after the incarnation of the Savior, his nature was one, and not a double nature; and that the Holy Ghost "proceeds," not "from the Father and the Son," but from the Father alone.

There are many Coptic churches in Cairo, the most prominent of which we visited. The services resemble those of the Romish Church. Indeed, the Copts, both in doctrines and modes of worship, bear a striking similarity to Romanism. They give special prominence to the intercession of the Virgin, the invocation of saints, and prayers for the dead. They are extremely ignorant and superstitious. When they baptize a child, they first immerse the lower part of the body, then up to the middle, and, at last, covering it entirely. The sacrament of the Lord's-supper is administered to infants by simply applying the consecrated elements to their lips. But one of the most disgusting scenes is the ceremony of casting out devils by the priests. The man who imagines himself possessed endeavors to imitate the lunatics, mentioned in the New Testament, by going through all kinds of bodily contortions. Finally, the priest sprinkles holy water upon him, pronounces some mysterious words, and announces the departure of the evil spirits. Truly, this system is a strange compound of error and truth; and yet, of all the converts made to the Protestant mission in Egypt, three-fourths have been from the Copts. These nominal Christians, notwithstanding their errors, accept the Bible as the word of God, and observe the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath. It is Providential that this element yields so readily to the influence of the pure Gospel, and it will eventually become a powerful auxiliary in securing the overthrow of Mohammedanism in Egypt.

Another thing favorable to the triumph of Christian civilization in that country is the liberal ideas of the Khedive. No nation has a bolder projector, or more munificent patron, of internal improvements. He has already extended the Alexandria and Cairo railroad one hundred and fifty miles toward Upper Egypt, and is intent upon carrying it to the Soudan, the extreme southern province in his dominion. His aid and influence in behalf of the celebrated Suez Canal are known to

the world. He is now reconstructing the city of Cairo. Five years hence it will no more resemble the grand Cairo of the Saracenic age than modern Paris resembles the Paris of Louis Quatorze. The Cairo of to-day is not entirely the same Cairo described so well by "Eothen" and the "Howadji." This active, restless, innovating Khedive, Ismaïl Pasha, lays out and paves broad and direct avenues, plants spacious parks and gardens, and builds or buys European hotels, banking-houses, warehouses, and what

not, to such an extent that a sojourner in the city who confines himself to the improved district, might fancy himself in Vienna or Milan. Nevertheless, the Grand Cairo of history and of romance, the Cairo of the "Arabian Nights," of Saladin, and the Mamelukes, remains a great city, a maze of majestic mosques, latticed palaces, and brilliant bazaars. What she needs most is, not material prosperity, but intelligence and morality, which are the fruit of Christianity.

H. H. FAIRALL.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the departure of friend Maurice, I occupied myself in bringing my own complicated business affairs to a termination. Justice, at length, had been pronounced in my favor, rendering me a free man once more. Liquidation of all arrears being made, there remained for my benefit only a package of legally stamped paper. I had satisfied every liability, and found myself, for the second time, a ruined man.

I was about returning to the trowel once more, when an architect, under whom I had worked at one time, proposed to me that I should leave Paris, and establish myself at Montmorency, where he assured me of work for the season, promising, indeed, to assist in obtaining it for me.

"The country is fine," said he. "There is only one master-mason thereabouts, a skilled workman, but of brutal nature, and only employed for lack of somebody better. With a little exertion, you will be able to secure the best part of the work. Here, you vegetate always among great contractors, who simply smother you. It is better to be a tall tree among shrubs, than a mere bush under-growth of a forest."

I felt too keenly the truth of this maxim to hesitate, and thus all was soon settled. The architect went with me to the place of labor, explaining what I ought to do, and I returned without delay to Paris to carry away Genevieve.

The moment of departure was a very hard one. It was the first time that I had ever quitted the great noisy city. I was as thoroughly accustomed to its dust and its solid pavements as the peasant to bright verdure and the sweet odor of hay. I had my own familiar streets, through which I passed every day; my eye had adapted itself to the sight of men, of houses, until, by long habit, these had become, in a sense, part of myself. To abandon Paris was to destroy, for the time, my tastes, my souvenirs of memory, my entire life, in fact. The neighbors, whom for so long a time we had known intimately, came flocking to their doors, uttering kind farewells, while some of them made complaint against us for leaving the old home. Accordingly, I put a good face on the matter, and even went so far as to answer their salutations by smiling blandly. Nothing in the world would have tempted me to let them see how sad I felt at heart. I realized well that this

forced departure was in itself a humiliation. It proved that evil fortune had been too strong for me; and I wished to contend against this default, by maintaining an air of cold, unfeeling indifference. As for Genevieve, who really had less of regret than myself, she did not dream of concealing how much she wept. Loaded with bundles and baskets, the poor woman replied to all questions, and good wishes for a pleasant journey, by thanks, accompanied by stifled sobs. She paused at every door to embrace, for the last time, the little children and infants. While these delays made me very impatient, I still strode quietly ahead, always whistling in a subdued, careless way, to keep myself, as it were, in countenance. Finally, as a turning in the street caused the last house of the faubourg to disappear, I breathed more freely. Genevieve had rejoined me, and, together, we mounted the conveyance which carried our poor stock of movables, and thus found ourselves fairly on the road to Montmorency.

God only knows how deep were the maledictions I pronounced on myself during the route, on the laziness of the horse, and the frequent halts of the carrier. The blood boiled in my veins far above fever heat, whilst, nevertheless, I still maintained a stolid silence. I had a fear that, if I spoke at all, I should say too much, and that much in no very gentle terms, so Genevieve decided with me, that it was better to hold our peace.

When at length we reached our journey's end, night was closing in around this new world. The small dwelling I had selected stood at the lower extremity of the village, in a street so straight and narrow that a carriage could hardly pass through and turn in it. I opened the door, my heart so wrung that it almost ceased its beating. I made a sign to Genevieve to enter, and I went back to assist the driver in discharging his load of household goods. I could not bear to witness the disappointment of the poor woman, as she first stood face to face with our wretched retreat.

She understood, without doubt, what I felt, for she soon reappeared on the threshold, with a smile, declaring that we had there all we could wish. She herself aided us in carrying the articles and putting them in place. When we finished, dark twilight enveloped us; the driver departed, and we two were left alone.

Our dwelling was composed of a ground-floor, lower than the street. It had once been paved, but the broken tiles formed now a kind of uneven and damp macadamized flooring. A small window opened on the court of a neighbor, bringing to us the odors of the kitchen; while a high chimney, that filled nearly the whole length of the gable, sent out thick clouds of smoke within.

I contemplated this sad hovel with a kind of stupor. Whether I had formed hasty judgment at the first view, or whether my feelings had changed, certain it is that it now presented an ill-conditioned and dilapidated air that had not before struck me. Our furniture, carefully arranged, and the presence of Genevieve near me, far from enlivening the place, seemed only to make the gloom more apparent. Adorned with what might tend to embellish it, the house left no possible doubt of its character, but exhibited itself in all its ugly deformity. Spite of her efforts to appear satisfied, Genevieve experienced a regretful feeling, which she could not conceal. She seated herself on the hearth, her two elbows resting on her knees, and gazed straight before her. I was placed on the opposite side of the chimney-piece, standing with arms crossed on my breast. A small candle, nearly consumed, in its tin candlestick, gave just enough light to show us our wretchedness.

Genevieve was the first to throw off this depression. She rose from her seat with a sigh, went for the basket of provisions, which she had brought from Paris, and began to lay the cover. But the bread was lacking. I went out immediately to buy a loaf.

The baker's shop was some distance

away, and when I entered it, several neighbors were gathered about the thresh-old. They seemed to be listening to a large man, who spoke in a very loud voice, and with an angry manner. I took no notice at first, and only waited for the small loaf, which some one had gone to procure for me, in the back room of the shop, when I heard my name pronounced by the stout man.

"His name is Pierre Henri, called La Rigueur [the honest]!" cried he; "but the devil twist off my neck if I do not change his name to that of the Starveling. If I have to sell my last shirt, I will bring him into more quarrels and lawsuits than he can well stuff his mat-tress with."

"It is a fact, if we let these Parisians establish themselves in the province, they will eat our bread under our very thumbs," another comrade observed, who, by his begrimed hands, I recog-nized as a laborer in an iron furnace.

"Without taking into account that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer. "To prove it, there was the clock-maker from the grand place, who ran off without paying me."

"And be thou sure that the new master-mason will not have any better memory," replied the stout man. "Some-thing tells me he is a cheat, who comes here to hide himself from the police."

Until then I had listened without well knowing whether I ought to seem to hear; but at these last words, the blood rushed to my head, and I turned round toward the door.

"Pierre Henri has no need to conceal his person," cried I. "And the proof is, that it is he who now speaks to you."

There was a general stir among the spectators, in which the stout man moved nearer the door.

"Ah, ah! here is the bird, then," said he, looking me in the face with an inso-lent air. "Well, well! I should not have known him by his feathers. For a master-workman from the great city, it seems to me, he has rather a ruffled and simple appearance."

"You will soon see the kind of work he is able to do," replied I, gruffly. "These insults only prove jealousy or malice. It is by the labor that one must judge of the workman."

"That remains to be seen, if we ever wish to know any thing about thy work," replied the master-mason, in a coarse tone. "Thou hast taken from me one customer; but if thou venturkest upon a second offense, as true as my name is Jean Fèron, I will knock the life out of thee on the first occasion!"

I felt that I was becoming pale with rage, not from fear. This burly figure, face red with anger, and with little gray eyes, that flamed in menace, stirred up my blood, and I looked at the man steadily, without any flinching.

"Let us see thee try that, Master Fèron," replied I, preserving a quiet manner. "Those men who bluster about knocking one's brains out are not always ready to do it when the time comes. Until this day I have managed to pre-serve a whole skin against more than one wicked companion, and I hope not to leave it in Montmorency."

"Ah, well! All in good time!" cried the mason, taking off his cap. "We will see what thou canst do with thy elbows. The devil burn me, but I will make a clean breast of it, and it shall never be said that Jean Fèron will let the grass be cut under his feet by a bungler from Paris."

I did not reply, for a furious anger was getting possession of me, and I felt ready to let it blaze. So, taking the bread up quickly, that I had come to purchase, I was about to go out, when the baker de-manded from me his payment. I replied that I had laid the money on the counter; but the merchant declared that he had received nothing. Then followed a dis-pute, which the master-mason was not slow in aggravating. My honor being at stake, I sustained the affirmation with persistence. In the height of the con-test, a little girl, who was present, said, in a half-whisper, that I still held the silver concealed within my fingers. I

hastily opened my hand. It was true. In my trouble I had retaken from the counter a ten-sou piece, and held it, without being conscious of the fact.

The stir this incident made upon the company gave me a vertigo. I tried to stammer out an explanation; but, feeling myself suspected, lost in some degree my presence of mind. I was unknown, surrounded by malevolence, without any means to prove that my error had been involuntary. So, cutting the matters short, I paid the merchant, and turned to leave the shop. The master-mason was standing in the door-way, one shoulder against the casing, and his feet crossed, pressing on the opposite side. He looked at me, sneering.

"One piece is still lacking," said he, ironically. "For this once it will be necessary to pay for the bread at the price of the tariff."

"Let me pass," cried I, thoroughly out of patience.

"What, what?" replied he, in a tone more and more provoking, "people might say that the Parisian was really angry."

"The Parisian has had enough of your insolence," replied I, trembling with fury; "and he orders you to give way for him."

"Ah, true! And if I do not will it?"

"Then he will force you to it."

"Ah, yes! But we will see as to that."

I advanced resolutely quite up to him, while he continued leaning against the wall, his arms crossed on his chest.

"Jean Fèron, will you let me go out?" cried I again, with hands tightly clinched.

"No!" said he, chuckling.

I seized him by the arm, and pushed him rudely aside, to force, if possible, an open passage through the door. He, doubtless, did not expect such hardihood on my part, for he was on the point of losing his balance. He recovered himself, however, on the spot, uttering an oath, and, dashing up to me with uplifted arm, struck me in the face, with a blow that stunned me. I tried, nevertheless, to put myself in an attitude

of defense; and the struggle continued up to the moment when I tripped against the sill, dragging down in my fall the master-mason also. Falling under him, I soon felt his two knees on my breast, while his elbows were belaboring my face. The spectators, who until then had left us to fight as we pleased, now decided it was best to separate us. They drew me, with some effort, from beneath the master Fèron; they placed under my arm the bread I had bought; they showed me my road; and, mechanically, I retook the route that led to my lodgings.

I walked along like a drunken man. Every part of my body was aching; I felt broken and dispirited, to the very bottom of my heart. In sight of the house, I slackened my pace, for I dreaded the questions of Genevieve, when she should perceive my bloody and disfigured face. I could not bear the idea of recounting to her the humiliations that I had been obliged to endure. Happily, she had succumbed to the fatigues of the day, and I found her in bed, and asleep.

I hastened to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to throw myself on the bed. But in vain I sought for sleep. I was possessed by a sullen rage. Hatred of the master-mason devoured my heart. I longed now for all the ill luck to him that he had wished to fall upon me. I studied by what means I could most injure him, and revenge myself. Every thing else in the world had become indifferent to me. I even asked, silently, aid from the good God against mine enemy. Reflection, instead of calming me, only excited more and more these vindictive thoughts. My rancor was like a well, which deepens in proportion as we work upon it. If, from time to time, I slept for an instant, it was only to suffer from feverish dreams, full of wrath. Now I saw Master Fèron, with the bag of a mendicant slung over his shoulder; then I held him fast under my feet, as he had held me, until I forced him to beg for mercy. At other times, I saw him with manacled hands, between

four *gens d'armes*, who were conducting him to the prison for thieves, and I cast back upon him his villainous abuse.

In the midst of these nightmares, I was awakened by a shake from Genevieve. I sat upright in bed,—a great light blazed into our dwelling. We heard outside a wild tumult of voices, the clattering of men who seemed to be running. Then the cry of, "To the fire!" resounded on every hand. I made a bound from the bed, dressed myself in all haste, and went out. Two men were going through the street, running.

"Where is the fire?" I asked.

"In the shop of Jean Fèron," replied both, at the same moment.

I stayed my steps, seizing greedily on the words. One might say that God had listened to my prayers, and had taken upon himself to avenge me of my wrongs. It must be confessed that the first feeling was one of satisfaction. But it was merely a flash, that only lasted its little second of time. Almost as soon as conceived, I colored with shame at my resentment. Calling all good sentiments to my aid, it appeared to me that I was more bound than any one else to carry help to the master-mason, and atone, by this deed, for my wish for his downfall. This thought ran like a flame through my heart. I threw myself into the crowd of men who were passing, and soon reached the yard of Fèron.

The fire, which had commenced in an out-house, soon enveloped the whole building. At the moment when I arrived, the loose boards and thin scantling, scattered about, formed a circle of flame around the premises, which prevented any access to it. A few workmen ran through the smoke, carrying off the materials on fire. I joined myself to them, and we finally opened a passage way. Reaching the house, we found it locked. Some voices in the crowd cried out that Jean Fèron had gone home with his brother, to Andilly; but several others responded that they had met him, that same evening, in the village. One of these declared he had seen him enter the

house, with a stroke of good wine in his head, and a bottle under his arm. Drunken and asleep, he had, without doubt, heard nothing. Meanwhile, the danger was becoming more and more pressing. The fire, which extended from the rear, had already reached above the roof of the little porch. We struck in vain against the tightly fastened door; we shouted to the master-mason with all the strength of our lungs; there was no response. At the same moment a frightful crackling began above our heads, and the bricks, loosening their hold, fell down, bringing also a shower of burning brands. The whole roof was on fire. The crowd fled from such imminent danger. I hastened with others toward the farther extremity of the yard, when a great shriek from behind me stopped me short. I returned to the front. Jean Fèron had finally awakened, and appeared at one of the windows above the pavilion.

Taken by surprise in his drunkenness, and still completely bewildered, he regarded the scene with wondering exclamations, without seeming at all to comprehend it. All the voices shouted, at the same moment, to him to hasten down, and fly for his life. But the miserable man, out of his right mind, continued to gaze at the flames, which ran round the entire shop, repeating, over and over again, in a pitiable accent, "Fire! fire! fire!"

Two or three among us now decided to retrace our steps, and approach nearer the pavilion. The fire had already begun to plow its way through the flooring. We warned the master-mason that the least delay would cost him his life. He appeared at length to comprehend the danger, for he ran in quickly, as if determined to gain the door; and we drew nearer the building to render him all possible succor. By the sparks that whirled about the shutters of the lower story, we found that the flames had invaded, at the same time, both the basement and the attic. Jean Fèron soon reappeared at the window, exclaiming that the staircase was on fire, and beg-

ging for a ladder. Some of the crowd ran to look for one; but, in the midst of the disorder and destruction, it was doubtful whether they could find it in time. The flames in the basement rapidly increased, and, instead of the crackling noise heretofore observed, they began to roar, in the body of the house, like a furnace. Jean Fèron, loaded with papers and bags of silver, stood on the window-seat, pleading for some one to help him to descend. But those who were nearest remained immovable, either because they felt there was no hope, or else from fear. All at once a resolute courage took possession of me; the idea of danger disappeared; I only saw there was a man to be saved.

I ran quickly to one of the windows of the basement, and, aiding my ascent by the shutters, reached the coping of the first story. There, my shoulders were nearly on a level with the master-mason's feet. I then shouted to him that he must take advantage of these for a support. Fèron did not require the advice to be repeated. He made a stride through the window, and let himself glide down until he reached me. His heavy weight at first nearly destroyed my balance; I staggered, but, clinging to the wall, I forced my finger nails into the crevices of the stones, to which I retained my hold by a valiant effort; and the mason, using my body for a ladder, reached the ground without any accident.

It was only when I rejoined the spectators that he recognized me. He recoiled two or three steps, pressed his hand to his forehead, and, after having stammered out some words that I could not understand, seated himself on a portion of the wreck that still continued smoking. So many events, stroke upon stroke, without an interval, had stunned him. He had strength for neither explanation or thanks.

Perhaps, too, he lacked the will; for Jean Fèron had a heart from which it was as difficult to draw forth any gentle sentiment as to dig gold from the rock. Not to treat you as an actual enemy, the

man had always need of a great effort. His wife, after eighteen years of torment and of patience, had been forced to leave him; his children had sought, outside of their father's home, the bread of strangers; and, of all those with whom he had worked and lived, there was not one that called him friend. Having become my debtor since the burning of the workshop, he gave up persecuting me; but that was all. When I met him, he passed straight by me, as if we had never seen each other. If any person spoke to him of me, he either made no answer, or went off rudely. The bear had only given up his bite, without being tamed. Fortunately, the witnesses to the deed I had performed rendered to me full indemnity for this coldness. They spread abroad my conduct toward the master-mason; and when they learned, at the same time, what he had made me suffer on the first night of my arrival, the goodwill augmented in double ratio. To have performed my duty appeared to them unselfish generosity, and every one paid me back in esteem and good-will for what Jean Fèron refused even to acknowledge.

An encounter purely accidental, not long after, served also as a lesson and encouragement to me. At this time, in passing through Montmorency, one could not but notice, on the road-side leading from the burgh of Sarcelles to that of Ecouën, a small thatched cottage, with a little garden in front, where fruit, shrubs, and flowers commingled without regularity, but not without taste. It was the dwelling of a poor day-laborer, whose acquaintance I made accidentally, and who furnished an example to me ever after.

He was a foundling, brought up at first by the charity of a hospital, without any appointed place in it, yet called upon to perform the hardest of the labor. Ill-favored, thin, and abandoned, he had made up every lack by good-temper. They employed him first because of his zeal; but, imperceptibly, this zeal had become capability. His perseverance stood in place of strength; his application, of

personal address. Like the turtle in the fable, he always reached the goal in advance of the hares, who reckoned too much on their agile speed. Besides, to all his other disgraces, God had added one infirmity that filled up the measure of trial. Francois was afflicted with a confused stuttering, which one could not hear without laughing. Throughout his infancy, he had been for his companions a perpetual cause of merriment; farther on, he became the amusement of all the young boys and girls. Wishing to escape from their raileries, he confined his words to that which was indispensable, and resigned himself to the simple fulfillment of his duties, without joining in any pleasure sports, but sustaining the rôle of supernumerary mute, always so hard for our vanity and egotism.

Accordingly, as he wished some excuse for his silence, he learned of a basket-maker the art of weaving the more common description of panniers. Through the long nights of Winter, seated in the chimney-corner, in the little social circle gathered about the open door in Summer, he carried on his work. While the other young men smoked, laughed, and jested with each other, sitting idly with elbows on their knees, he patiently braided his osier withes, without saying any thing. The companions had at first rallied him on what they called his mania; then the constant habit of seeing him thus made them unmindful of its strangeness.

The infirmity of Francois had thus conduced to utilizing the hours which were lost to his companions; He drew from it another benefit. His utterance, so broken, avoided every useless word; he only spoke when he really had something to say; and thus, for the most part, he remained dumb. In this way he gathered mental strength, and, by a slow process, his spirit became matured. He followed out steadily, and in silence, without any distractions whatever, each thought as it came uppermost. He stored away, and meditated upon, those that he heard exchanged between others. His

baskets sold well throughout the country, and these gains increased, little by little, his savings. His infirmity, that kept him aloof from the village boys, spared him also the temptation of expense. At the end of a few years, he was rich enough to buy a little piece of land, which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and from which the receipts were still more profitable than from his baskets. He then began to dream of building himself a house. The small cabin rose gradually, but always kept on rising, until finally it was ready for the roof; and soon after the new proprietor went, for the first time, to sleep within his own premises.

All this took ten years to accomplish. Francois dedicated ten more to the perfecting of his work and enlarging of his domain. He dug wells and drains; planted fruit-trees, collected bees, which multiplied their swarms; bought two other fields, that he called his pasture and his orchard. When I first saw him, he had already crossed that troublesome moat which separates poverty from plenty. He could afford to sacrifice a few fruit-bearing trees to an emerald grass plat, and hawthorn shrubs to rose hedges. His cabin, shaded by acacias, looked out on the right of the road, seeming like a hive, clustered about with a forest of flowers.

He related to me, at that time, what I have here repeated,—not in consecutive detail, but in short answers, often interrupted by his stammering speech. Whenever he had nothing else to occupy him, Francois still continued to weave his baskets, that his fingers might be always busy, and also give him the right excuse for not saying any thing. One day, as I wandered over his domain, expressing my admiration for so much order, perseverance, and industry, Francois replied, smiling:

"The merit is not mine, but belongs to God, who took away from me the freedom of language. Not being able to waste time in idle chitchat, I have busied myself in active employment. The happiness of our life depends much

more on our will than on our outside advantages; and you can witness for yourself how much benefit can be derived from a physical infirmity.

I profited by the example of Francois, in never permitting a moment to slip past me in idleness. Genevieve, on her side, undertook the task of bleaching linen for a few families in the vicinity. Every experiment gathered something of success for us. As the architect had foreseen, work of various descriptions crowded upon our days and months. After a struggle of two years, the master-mason Feron brusquely left the country, without giving warning; and I have never heard of him since. Soon after this, a son and daughter consoled us for the loss of our first child. True affection, joy of heart, easy circumstances, and

health, made up the four corner-stones of our household. Genevieve sung the whole day through; the little ones frolicked on the green turf; money poured in of itself to the treasury; good luck gleamed over us brightly as the noonday sun. I can truly say that this was the best of all my life heretofore, because, perhaps, I felt more truly in my heart the goodness of God toward us. At other times, we became so accustomed to a prosperous happiness, that we claimed it almost like the payment of a debt, instead of receiving it as a free gift; but then I had not been despoiled of my idols by Providence. Now the bitter taste of the bread of affliction was still on my lips, which made that of prosperity seem so much the sweeter.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THIRD PAPER.

FREDERICK had now consolidated his power in Germany; he had reduced to obedience his rebellious barons, and had planted, within a few days' march of Rome, two strong military colonies. Against these colonies the Holy Father launched enough spiritual thunderbolts to have caused them to fall like Jericho of old; but they consisted of Saracen unbelievers, and the papal thunders growled round them harmlessly. The pontiff, as his only hope of successfully resisting Frederick, revived the Lombard League, and for several years Lombardy was the battle-ground of the Imperial and papal factions. The proceedings were varied by occasionally excommunicating Frederick, and by a bull discharging his subjects from their allegiance.

In 1239, the Emperor found himself able to enter the States of the Church, and march upon Rome. In that city, a considerable party was so loud on his

behalf that Pope Gregory, perceiving his danger, marched in procession through the streets, preceded by the wood of the true cross, and the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and called on the multitude to take up arms for the Church. This imposing appeal to superstitious enthusiasm was successful. A Crusade was preached against Frederick; and the same indulgences, in the line of present license to sin and future deliverance from purgatorial fires, were extended to the new Crusaders as were formerly confined to warriors in the Holy Land. Even the priests enrolled themselves among the combatants; and, in a single day, the pontiff was at the head of an army strong enough to resist all the forces of the Emperor. Frederick retired into Apuleia; but he was so indignant at the preaching of a Crusade against himself, that he gave orders for the execution of every one found under the sign of the cross. To

assist his own authority by the voice of the Church, the Pope now summoned a General Council, and directed all bishops to assemble in Rome, at Easter, 1241. Frederick, anticipating no decision favorable to himself from any such council, sent letters to all the sovereigns of Europe, protesting against it. Frederick, too, was not one to content himself with mere protests. The French bishops sailed from Nice, convoyed by a powerful Genoese fleet. By Frederick's orders, they were encountered, off the island of Meloria, by the fleets of Sicily and Pisa. A bloody battle was fought, in which the Pisans were completely victorious. Four thousand Genoese were sent prisoners to Sicily; and the unfortunate cardinals and bishops were brought to Pisa. They were imprisoned and fettered; but, because of their sacred calling and lofty rank, respect must be paid them, and so they were imprisoned in the chapter-house of the cathedral, and their chains were chains of silver. What a consolation this must have been to the illustrious captives! The amount of treasure taken was so enormous that it was divided among the Pisans and Sicilians by bushels, reminding us of the bushel of gold rings gathered from the soldiers after the battle of Cannæ.

One prominent result of this sea-fight was that his mortification and grief were too much for the old Pope, and he died within three months; and for two years the papal chair was vacant. During this interregnum, there was much wrangling and fighting between the aristocrats and plebeians in many of the Italian cities. In Milan, a dispute arose with respect to the election of an archbishop, and the chapter agreed to refer the question to the decision of one Brother Leo, a holy man, who was entirely free from terrestrial ambition. Brother Leo accepted the responsibility; but, after long deliberation, he announced that he could think of no one so fit to fill the office as himself, and forthwith, to the astonishment and disgust of both parties, stepped into the position.

The hopes for peace which might naturally arise upon the election of a new pope (Innocent IV) were doomed to disappointment. After some futile attempts at negotiation, the pontiff, affecting a dread of personal violence from Frederick, left his palace at night in disguise, and succeeded in reaching Lyons without mishap. He there convened the General Council, which the capture of the French bishops a few years before had postponed. The Emperor was represented by Peter de Vencis and Thaddæus de Suessa. At the opening of proceedings, Thaddæus offered, on his master's part, if he might be reconciled to the Holy Father, to recall the Greek empire to the unity of the Romish Church, to undertake a new Crusade at his own expense, and to restore to the Roman Church the possessions he had taken from it,—the fulfillment of these provisions to be guaranteed by the kings of France and England. But Frederick had sinned too deeply to be forgiven. Innocent adroitly avoided the settlement. Said he: "I shall not accept his offer; for, did he fail in the fulfillment of his contract (as I have not the slightest doubt he would), I should have to fall back on his securities; and then the Church would have three enemies of unequalled power, instead of one." The result of the council was what every one must have expected,—a sentence of excommunication against the Emperor. Matthew Paris says: "The Pope, and the prelates sitting round him in council, with lighted tapers, thundered forth dreadful sentence against the Emperor Frederick, whilst his agents retreated in confusion." As soon as these proceedings were reported to their object, he burst into a violent rage. "Has the Pope, then, deprived me of my crown," he shouted. "Bring me my jewel-case." He seized his crown, set it on his head, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with passion, exclaimed: "No pope or council shall take it from me without a bloody struggle. I am better off than I was before the sentence. Then I was bound in some things to obey, at least to respect,

him, but now I am released from all obligation."

The effects of the sentence were soon seen in cowardly plots for the assassination of the Emperor. To some of these the Pope was proved to be privy. The consciousness of these plots, and a life of incessant anxiety, now told on Frederick's hitherto unconquerable spirit. Weary of his long war with the Church, he renewed his efforts for a reconciliation. In the guise of a penitent, he set out to pay a friendly visit to the Pope; but, while on the way to Rome, he heard that the Pope's adherents had excited a revolt against him in Parma. Frederick, postponing his penitence till a more convenient season, rapidly raised an army, and besieged the rebellious city. For some months the siege was maintained; but on one occasion the besieged, taking advantage of the Emperor's absence at hawking, made a sally into the German Winter quarters, and completely routed the besieging army, taking three thousand prisoners. Frederick, returning from hawking, met his army retreating, double-quick time, before the victorious Parmese, and had to accompany them. He now returned to the obligations of his tardy penitence, but without avail: the haughty pontiff scornfully repulsed him.

Frederick next determined to establish the Ghibelline party in Florence by the expulsion of the Guefts. These two factions were of almost equal strength in that city, and for thirty-two years the beautiful streets of Florence had been seldom free from civil war. Certain portions of the town formed the battle-fields where the rival families contended. At the proper places, movable barricades, or *chevaux-de-frise*, called *serragli*, which could at a moment's notice be thrown across the streets, were kept in readiness. A hasty word (as is aptly illustrated in "Romeo and Juliet") was often enough to cause an appeal to arms,—in an instant the streets were blocked by the *serragli*,—and the town was soon filled with the dead and dying. At night-fall

the battle ceased to rage, and each party collected their slain. Next day, in peace, the victims of the skirmish were buried; but few days were allowed to elapse without a repetition of the same wretched work. Frederick ended this state of things in Florence by expelling the Gueft faction utterly from the city, and thus giving his own party the predominance.

About the same time, the Bolognese attacked Modena, a city in alliance with the empire. The number of the Modenese was so small, that, shutting themselves within their fortifications, no provocation could induce them to take the field. The Bolognese bethought them of an expedient which has, at least, the merit of originality. Taking the body of an ass, they ornamented it with silver fetters, and projected it from a powerful catapult into the middle of the town. As ill luck would have it, the unfortunate donkey alighted in the center of the handsomest fountain in the city. The Modenese were so infuriated at this terrible insult, that they could contain themselves no longer; they made a furious sally, and smashed to atoms the obnoxious engine. Soon after this incident, the city surrendered, and was lost to Frederick.

In the close of the next year, the Emperor, his spirit broken by the ceaseless hostility of the Church, died. The Pope, Innocent IV, of course received the tidings of his death with exceeding joy. He bursts into songs of praise: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; for the storm which the Almighty has so long allowed to impend over us is changed, by this man's death, to refreshing zephyrs and fertilizing dews."

At this juncture, the propitious thought occurred to the Pope that the kingdom of Naples would be a highly satisfactory addition to the patrimony of St. Peter. He wrote as follows to the Neapolitans, charmingly ignoring their right to any voice in the government of their own city. He says: "We have taken your persons, your property, and your town itself, under the protection of the Holy See; and we

have decreed that Naples shall remain henceforth under our immediate jurisdiction; and we guarantee that the Church shall never make over the sovereignty, or any right over Naples, to any emperor, king, duke, prince, or count, or any person whomsoever." Innocent was now able to return to Italy. His progress through Lombardy was one long triumphal procession. The Milanese, especially, distinguished themselves by the enthusiasm with which they received him. He remained with them two months. Milan gave his Holiness an opportunity to show his gratitude in a somewhat singular manner. The city finances were at this time in frightful disorder. As a last attempt to stave off national bankruptcy, the Milanese requested the pontiff to appoint a foreign magistrate, with the title of podesta, with absolute and unlimited power of levying taxes from themselves, by every method which his brain could conceive. For four years, Gozzadini, the officer appointed, exhibited an ingenuity which would excite the envy of a modern Secretary of the Treasury. At the end of this period, the suppressed wrath of the people boiled over, and Gozzadini was killed in a tumult.

And now for the effect of the paternal letter which the Pope sent to Naples. Its reception excited a fierce rebellion against the house of Swabia, that is, the family of the late Emperor. This revolt was speedily put down by Conrad and Manfred, sons of Frederick. The Pope, finding that he was unable, by his own unaided force, to wrest their dominions from these young men, with infinite cunning, determined to assign the kingdom of the Two Sicilies (that is, Sicily and Naples) to some other prince, who would be powerful enough to conquer it, and sufficiently humble to acknowledge himself as the Pope's vassal. The offer, however, was not very tempting, and it was difficult to find any one to accept it. The first prince to whom it was offered, the Earl of Cornwall, said the Pope's grant was of about as much value as if

he were to say, "Here is a grant of the moon,—climb up and take it." While the kingdom was going a-begging, Conrad died, leaving an infant son, Conradin, in the care of his younger brother, Manfred, and of Berthold, his general. The energetic Conrad being out of the way, the Pope changed his tactics. Levying a large army from the Gueff cities, he marched into the Neapolitan territories. Manfred, while reserving his own and his nephew's rights, saw that at present resistance would be vain, and he himself conducted the Pope across the frontier, holding his horse's bridle. Before long, a quarrel arose between Manfred and his escort, and his personal enemy, Borello, attended by a similar escort. Its issue in the death of Borello was followed by an immediate summons to Manfred to appear before the Pope, and clear himself of the charge of murder. His application for a safe-conduct, being refused, opened his eyes to his extreme danger, and he fled to the Saracen colony of Lucera, whose soldiers had always been faithful to his family. Arrived there, he rode forward boldly to the gates, with only three servants. The governor was absent from the town, and his lieutenant, Marchisio, was in command, with orders from his chief to keep the gates constantly shut. "Here is your prince," cried out Manfred's attendants in Arabic, "he trusts your loyalty; throw open your gates." The Saracens were filled with enthusiasm as soon as they found that the son of their late King was at their gates. "Let him in, let him in," they shouted, "before the governor hears of his arrival." They rushed against the gate, burst it open, admitted Manfred, and carried him in triumph to the palace. They bent the knee before Manfred, took the oath of allegiance to him, and he was master of the town. Lucera contained the imperial treasures, and Manfred, obtaining these, took a large number of troops into his pay. The tables were now turned. He expelled the Pope's soldiers from the Capitanata, and they, in full retreat, reached

Naples just as the Pope died,—happy to have died too soon to hear of this reverse of fortune.

It is among the odd things of history that, though the Pope's thunder-bolts could shake all Europe, he very seldom had much influence at Rome. The nobles turned their palaces into fortresses, and defied alike the pontiff, the senator, and the mob. Like the French and English barons, they dropped very readily into brigandage, and it was a common practice to plunder the warehouses of the merchants, and to capture rich citizens, for whose ransom they extorted enormous sums. The virtual independence of these nobles is illustrated in what is perhaps the greatest of modern tragedies, Shelley's "Cenci." About the time of which we are writing, these outrages had become intolerable, and the citizens summoned Brancalone, of Bologna, to be their dictator for three years. As soon as he was installed in his office, he caused several notorious murderers to be hung at the windows of their own castles, as Voltaire would say, *pour encourager les autres*. He then wrote to the Pope, who had retired to the neighboring town of Assisi. The letter requested him to return, and stated that his people "greatly wondered at his running about hither and thither, leaving his pontifical see of Rome, and abandoning his sheep, of whom he would have to render a more strict account to the Supreme Judge, to the jaws of the wolves, while he himself was only gaping after money." At the same time, the dictator informed the people of Assisi, that, if they detained the Pope a day longer, he would utterly destroy their city. Upon this, his Holiness was promptly served with notice to quit, and he reached Rome with much haste and trepidation.

After two years of Brancalone's rigorous administration, the nobles rose against him, threw him into prison, and his head was in imminent danger. It was now of good service to him that, before entering on his perilous duties, he had insisted on thirty hostages for his safety being sent to Bologna. The Pope, who

was now Alexander IV, tried to induce the Bolognese to surrender the hostages; but they remained faithful to their fellow-citizen. In two years, a counter revolution set Brancalone again at liberty; he resumed his office, and was a thorn in the side of the nobles as long as he lived.

Our story now crosses the path of one of those monsters of mankind, who occasionally throw a cloud darker than usual, a darkness that may be felt, athwart the record of the weakness and wickedness of humanity. It is Eccelino the Fero-cious. The details of his crimes are sickening, and the fact that many of his deeds are too horrible to relate has lightened the weight of odium which would otherwise have rested on his memory.

Originally a soldier of fortune, that unconquerable energy which seems to be the especial attribute of the God and of the Fiend, made him the dominant power in the north of Italy. Alexander preached a Crusade against him, an act sufficient to extenuate many unholy actions of the Holy See. Yet it is difficult to believe that the fact of Eccelino being a Gueff was not the chief incitement to the papal zeal. The Crusade was first preached in Venice. In that city great numbers of Paduans, who had escaped from the tyranny of Eccelino, were harbored. It had been no easy matter to escape, for the frontiers were strictly guarded; and those detected in an attempt to cross were punished by the loss of their legs or eyes. The Venetians, jealous of the tyrant's growing power, readily joined the Crusade. The first attempt by the Crusaders was on the city of Padua. Eccelino's lieutenant, in order to check the advance of the Venetian fleet, turned the waters of the river Brento into another channel. The result of this brilliant maneuver was, that the Pope's army marched across the dry bed of the river, beat back the outposts of the Paduan army, and established themselves in the suburbs. Next day the city was assaulted. The besieged set on fire the vinea of the storming party; the Crusaders then pushed the burning mass against the wooden gate of

the town; the gate was then burned down, and the city captured. A week's pillage ensued. For eighteen years it had groaned under Eccelino's tyranny, and now the scanty remnants, which his avarice or cruelty had spared, were seized by their liberators. Yet the city rejoiced at its deliverance from Eccelino. A ghastly multitude emerged from the tyrant's dungeons. Crowds of aged men and women, young girls exhausted with torture, and young children barbarously mutilated and blinded, maddened the Crusading soldiery into an inextinguishable passion for revenge on Eccelino. Meanwhile, he heard of the fall of Padua, and he, too, was filled with wrath, but of a less divine quality. To satiate his thirst for vengeance, he caused to be disarmed all the Paduan soldiers in his army,—about eleven thousand men, one-third of all his force,—and deposited them in his numerous dungeons. Of the whole number, only two hundred escaped. Some perished on the scaffold, others were burned to death, and the great mass of the unhappy wretches died of cold and hunger in prison.

Owing to the incompetence of the priests, who persisted in conducting the Crusade, it was prolonged for three years. Eccelino's last atrocity was committed at Friola. He had besieged and captured this town. By his orders, every man, woman, and child were deprived of their eyes, had their legs and noses cut off, and, if they survived this horrible treatment, were turned out to beg their bread along the roads. It was at this time, all over Italy, a usual trick of beggars to pretend that they had been deprived of their eyes or limbs by the Veronese tyrants. Two months after this barbarity, he was attacked by the papal forces, his army routed, and he, desperately wounded, captured. In a few days, he died from the effects of his wounds, all regretting his honorable fate in dying a soldier's death.

Two years after this desirable occurrence (1261), the weak reign of Alexander IV closed, and that of Urban IV began.

The new Pope remembered how Manfred, son of the late Frederick, had frustrated the ambitious schemes of the preceeding popes; and, with great craft, inspired by most rancorous hostility, set about check-mating this successful foe of the Holy See. The pontiff felt himself no stronger than his predecessors; but he returned to Innocent IV's plan of looking for some one else who would be glad, with the help of the Church's moral support, to win the kingdom of the the two Sicilies, and hold it as the Pope's vassal. His choice was Charles of Anjou. But a difficulty in the path was St. Louis, Charles's brother, honorably distinguished among the kings of the earth for integrity of life and scrupulousness of conscience. Both the nature of his objections and the methods by which they were overcome may be learned from the characteristic letter of the Pope, which we subjoin:

"We have received your letter," he writes, "from which, among other things, we perceive that our dear son in Jesus Christ, the illustrious King of France, lends a credulous ear to the crafty speeches of those who would gladly frustrate the negotiation which we have intrusted to you. They would persuade him that Conradin, grandson of Frederick, has some right to the kingdom of Sicily; or, even admitting that he has been lawfully deposed, that his right has passed, by concession of the Holy See, to Edmund, son of our very dear son in Jesus Christ, the King of England. Thus he hesitates, although he sees that the nomination of his brother would be conducive to the honor and happiness of the Roman Church, and be a powerful means for the succor of the Holy Land. We return thanks to that God who holds in his hands the hearts of kings, that he has preserved such purity of conscience in the soul of the King of France. But the king ought to place more confidence in us and in our brethren. He should believe, without the shadow of a doubt, that, while we regard him as the cherished son of the Roman Church, we will be especially on our guard to preserve his

fair fame from scandal; his soul, intrusted to our keeping, from damnation; his person and his state from danger. He should believe that both ourselves and our brethren are anxious, with God's help, to keep our consciences pure, and save our souls before the Author of salvation; and that we know, of our certain knowledge, that nothing that we would do is to the prejudice of Conradin, or of Edmund, or of any other man."

The scruples of St. Louis being overcome, Urban dealt next with those of Charles. They were of a different kind. A too scrupulous conscience was not among Charles's weaknesses. He was very anxious to be king of Sicily, but he wished to pay as little as possible for an empty title and the Pope's patronage. A bargain was finally struck, that Charles was to pay his Holiness the town of Benevento, and an annual tribute of ten thousand ounces of gold.

With great rapidity, Charles collected an army of thirty thousand men, and invaded the Neapolitan territory. On the plain of Benevento, he met Manfred's army drawn up in battle array. Manfred made some attempt at negotiation, but Charles sent back his envoys with the message: "Tell him that I am resolved on battle; and this day I will either send him to hell, or he shall send me to heaven." Manfred's army had at first the advantage, but the treacherous flight of his reserve, at a critical moment, turned the fortune of the day. He resolved not to survive his defeat. As he was putting on his helmet, the crest, a silver eagle, fell off his saddle-bow. "*Hoc est signum dei*," said he to his barons: "I fastened on this crest myself, and no mere accident has loosed it." He rushed into the *melee*, and, fighting there without any royal insignia, perished by an unknown hand.

Scarcely was Charles settled on the throne when the nobles, who had deserted Manfred, began to feel the weight of the invader's heavy hand. Like every one who has been raised to power by soldiery, Charles found it necessary to

purchase the continued favor of the authors of his success by limitless munificence. Upon his high officers, he bestowed the confiscated estates of the barons; while, in order to provide for the inferior soldiery, he indefinitely increased the number of subordinate government officials. To each class of petty civil officers which existed under the former government, Charles added the corresponding functionaries of the French administration. All the taxes which had been imposed at any time during the reign of Manfred were rigorously exacted. Where one tax had been repealed, in order that another might be substituted, both were now levied alike. The people were ground to the dust; and the Pope made but slight and tardy atonement for his perfidy, by writing to Charles an unavailing letter of censure for his misgovernment.

Charles had still to encounter another claimant to the throne he occupied, in the person of the rightful heir, Conradin, Manfred's nephew. He was only sixteen years of age, and his sensible mother was very unwilling that the stripling should take the field against such a veteran as Charles. But the Ghibelline party needed a champion. They represented to Conradin that the rapacity and licentiousness of the French had excited intense hatred in the breasts of the Sicilians. They assured him that all sects and parties would rally round the lawful successor to the throne of Frederick. Encouraged by this assurance, and by promises of assistance from several of the Lombard princes, Conradin considered that the time was come for avenging the persecution of his ancestors, and in a few weeks he found himself at the head of a large army.

Charles set out to meet him, but was obliged to return to his kingdom, being recalled by tidings of a dangerous revolt. The Pope, as usual, was ready with a letter of counsel. It said: "I know not for what reason I address you as King, seeing you do not appear to trouble yourself about your kingdom. Exhausted

first by brigands, your ministers, it is now devoured by your enemies,—the caterpillar destroys what has escaped the locust. If you lose your crown, do not imagine that the Church will renew her labor and expense, in order to replace it on your head. Perhaps you think that your virtues entitle you to a miracle of God on your behalf; or, it may be, you are relying on the sagacity you imagine you possess, and which you prefer to the good advice of others."

Meanwhile, the Senate of Rome declared for Conradin, and the young prince marched toward that city. It is scarcely necessary to state that by this time the youthful warrior had been excommunicated by his Holiness, with all pomp and solemnity. Arrived at Rome, where he was received with the magnificence usually paid to the Emperor alone, Conradin rested his troops for a few days. When he set out for Naples, five thousand soldiers followed his standard. He marched without opposition as far as the plain of Tagliacozzo, where he was met by Charles and his army. The main portion of Charles's army was in sight, but he himself, with eight hundred picked men, was concealed in a small valley in the rear. Conradin attacked the Neapolitan forces, and soon routed all whom he saw. His army of Germans, supposing that the battle was decided, dispersed, as usual, for pillage. As soon as the whole army had broken their ranks, Charles emerged from his hiding-place, his eight hundred rushed into the field, and easily cut to pieces the scattered army.

Young Conradin escaped from the field, but was captured within a few days. A court was assembled for his trial. Charles himself acted as prosecutor. He charged his vanquished rival with revolt against the legitimate sovereign, with contempt of the Church's sentence, with

his alliance with the Saracens, and with the plunder of the monasteries. In defense, it was urged that Conradin was a prisoner under protection of the laws of war; that his title to the crown was, at least, plausible; and that, even if the merits of the case were against him, his youth ought to protect him. The judges, although under the immediate influence of Charles, did not dare to condemn the boy; but they had not the courage to acquit him, and sat in cowardly silence. Only one spoke, giving his verdict for death; and on the authority of that one vote, Charles passed sentence on Conradin and his companions. The unhappy youth was led into the marketplace of Naples. A scaffold was erected on the shore, while Charles, from an eminence, looked down upon the dying boy. The multitude sympathized most intensely with their rightful prince; but a bristling fence of French spears divided them from him. The judge who had voted for death stepped forward to read the sentence. But the days of the unjust judge were numbered. Robert of Flanders, Charles's own son-in-law, rushed up to him, and exclaiming, "It bessems not thee to condemn a noble prince to die," buried his sword in his breast; and the judge fell dead at the King's feet. Charles did not dare to avenge this wild act of justice, though it did not arrest the execution. Conradin kneeled in prayer. Rising, he said, "What bitter grief will this day's tidings bring thee, my mother!" while the people and even the soldiery, were dissolved in tears. Five of his adherents perished on the same scaffold. All the bodies were buried by the sea-shore, in unconsecrated ground; but, long afterward, a Carmelite church was built over the place where their remains were buried.

GEORGE C. JONES.

A CREED FOR ALL.

O GIVE not to the world thy love,
Howe'er its pleasures may allure;
There is a realm beyond, above,
Whose joys are far more bright and sure.

How great may be thine unbelief,
These truths are native to the mind,—
That man is weak, that life is brief,
Death comes, and "there is more behind."

Yet, though thy normal creed be all
Confirm'd by orthodoxy's seal,
The cold, cold shade of doubt will fall,
At times, upon thy warmest zeal.

Our future life, perchance, is far
From all that sages teach or guess;
We know but little what we are,
And what we *may* be, even less.

But whatsoe'er may lie beyond
The awful curtain of our fate,
The robes hereafter to be donned
Are woven in our present state.

The atheist may laugh to scorn
The thought of an immortal part;
And say that men in vain are born,—
He disbelieves it in his heart.

Then, honest doubter, quit the maze
Of dogmas evermore contending;
It is a weary waste of days
To watch a battle never ending.

Go where a freer air is breathed,
Some spot is surely to be found
Where combatants, their weapons sheathed,
May meet as on a neutral ground.

There is a path we should pursue,
A broader road we ought to shun,
A life to live, a work to do,
A death to die for every one.

Know all you may, do all you can,
Believe your utmost, and rely
That doubts will all be solved, when man
Shall see with an immortal eye.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail,
That make up life's first bliss;

If with a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that can not fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

THE ART OF JEWELRY.*

PART I.

ON the right of the Fountain of Trevi, in Rome, where old Neptune looks down on the miniature cataract and lake below, is the interesting establishment of Augusto Castellani. The entrance to this temple sacred to ancient art is decorated in the Pompeian style, and lighted by a large window, the glass of which is of varied colors. To the left, in a large niche, is a beautiful life-size statue of Sappho,—seated on the rock, with her harp, singing her last song,—made by a distinguished painter and sculptor of Rome. Ascending to the first story, you find the rooms of Signor Castellani, where he himself, a youthful-looking man, not over forty-five years of age, receives all visitors. These six or seven rooms are filled with objects as rare as those found in any museum; and, indeed, the Capitoline Museum is indebted to Signor Castellani for several rare, antique articles. One, an ancient bronze seat, in the form of a sofa with a stool under it, found by a peasant in many fragments, was reconstructed by him, and presented to the Museum, while he retained for himself a copy of this beautiful remnant of antiquity. There is also a colossal bust of Mæcenas, the only authentic portrait of him known. Etruscan vases, statues, and household objects of every variety, are arranged in glass cases. The last room is chiefly devoted to jewelry, which is arranged in the chronological order of the seven periods of art which have existed in Italy. These periods are distinctly characterized by the articles of jewelry, which show all degrees of civilization.

Since the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the excavation of some of the ancient tombs of Italy, a new pe-

riod of art has arisen from the perfect imitation of the beautiful jewels found there. It unites the best features of all the periods which have preceded it, but consists chiefly in a faithful return to the artistic designs and delicate workmanship of the second period, or the Tyrrhenian, and also of the Etruscan. The Duke of Sermorre and the father of Signora Castellani revived this study of ancient art, many years ago. He also has devoted himself to it, with such success that he is able at last to produce all of the jewels of the Tyrrhenian period. He has studied the subject with ardor, and written an interesting book, the substance of which is here given.

The researches of the most learned archaeologists have not succeeded in discovering the origin of the first inhabitants of Italy, although it is supposed that they emigrated from Asia. This is manifest as well from the fact that the Italian language belongs to the great family of Indo-European as from the resemblance of the monuments whose remains have been discovered in various and distant countries. The Pelasgic walls, the tombs of Præneste, the Egyptian Pyramids, the tombs of Tharros in Sardinia, the ruins of Nineveh, the Indian temples, and the gigantic ruins which have been found in Mexico, present a wonderful analogy of form, style, and method of construction; and we are obliged to infer the unity of the human race, descended from a single family, and increasing to nations which spread over the face of the globe. This primitive unity is now confirmed even more by the small objects of jewelry and ornaments than by the great monuments. Of late years, such objects have been found at Præneste and in the cemeteries of the most ancient cities of Italy, as well as among the ruins of Nineveh, in the Crimea (the ancient Colchis),

* *The Art of Jewelry in the Seven Periods of Italian Civilization*, as studied by Augusto Castellani from the Ancient Tombs of Italy.

in Southern Italy, and in Egypt,—countries already civilized at the time of Homer.

Almost to our own time, it has been thought that the first nation in Italy that reached a high grade of civilization was the Etruscan; but the discovery and study of the Cyclopean and Pelasgic walls of the embankments of the rivers in Northern Italy, of the sepulchers and other similar monuments, have caused it to be supposed that another great civilized people previously existed here. This supposition was afterward confirmed by the discovery of many utensils and ornaments in gold, silver, bronze, amber, slate, ivory, and glass, which, from the exquisite work, may be considered of finer taste than those of the Etruscans. These articles are not found in the ruins of the cities (which the ancient historians asserted were powerful and civilized cities of the Etruscan confederation), but in the cemeteries of the most ancient Italian cities, such as Præneste, Cere, Cumæ, and Ruvo, and in the tombs which have been discovered in various other places, which prove that cities existed there, of which the origin, name, and history are utterly unknown. These objects do not offer the characteristics either of Etruscan or Grecian art; and they are found not only in Italy, but in many other countries, especially those situated on the shores of the Mediterranean and Black Seas: such as the Crimea, Phœnicia, and Egypt.

Works of such beauty, and resembling each other in regard to the principles of art, being found not only in Italy, but also in other countries, show that they were produced by a people widely dispersed in the most fortunate maritime situations. The Etruscan works, instead, have a special character, which is not common to any other nation; and these objects are found only in Italy, and in the tombs of those cities which were known certainly to belong to the Etruscan confederation, because their names have remained celebrated in Roman history. This civilized and powerful nation, of

which, after so many centuries, such glorious vestiges are now being discovered, has been called Tyrrhenian, after the sea which bathes the western shore of the peninsula. Some confound the Tyrrhenian with the Etruscan, and call these beautiful works Etrusco-archaici; others call them Pelasgic; but they evidently belong to a nation more ancient and more widely dispersed than was the Etruscan.

The learned now concede that Italy had three splendid civilizations before the Romans,—the Tyrrhenian, the Etruscan, and the Græco-Italian. The Greeks called the ancient Italians barbarians, and asserted that a mythological race of Greek heroes first civilized Italy, which was, therefore, entirely Hellenic. Thus the history, arts, and customs of the Tyrrhenians, Sicilians, Umbrians, Oscians, and Etruscans, were overlooked, which did not displease the Romans, as Rome was the chief among the rival cities. With the lapse of time, even their tradition was lost, and nothing remained of the primitive nations but a faint remembrance and the sepulchers, which, discovered and excavated from time to time, offered to the curious glances of their late descendants some vestiges of the genius, religion, and customs of their unknown progenitors. Previous to the three splendid periods of civilization, Tyrrhenian, Etruscan, and Italo-Grecian, there remain tokens of an art which may be called primitive. These articles are ornaments of women and priests, arms, vases of terra cotta and bronze; and they are found in various places where, probably, existed the most ancient habitations of the people who occupied Italy. These articles belonged to a semi-barbarous people, as they show a great want of skill and of the necessary instruments.

The periods of art, in regard to jewelry, bronzes, and vases, may therefore be arranged in the following order: first period, Antichissimo; second, Tyrrhenian; third, Etruscan; fourth, Italo-Grecian; and fifth and last period of ancient art, the Roman. Although the destructive influence of the barbarians who governed

Europe for several centuries after the fall of the Western Empire renders it difficult to determine which among the utensils and ornaments of the inhabitants of the *Lazio* belonged to this or that century; nevertheless, it is believed that the Roman art of jewelry was in its greatest perfection at the time of the Antonines. The art which flourished in Rome itself at the time of the republic was at first Etruscan, and, after the Punic wars, Græco-Italic, — not really Roman. This is clearly demonstrated not only by the objects found in the *Colombari*, in the marble sarcophagi, and among the ruins of villas, but by the excavations of *Pompeii*. The few jewels of gold which were found there, chiefly in the house of *Diomedes*, although of inferior workmanship to the Etruscan, Tyrrhenian, and Italo-Grecian of Sicily, still have the same style, and are nothing else but a rough imitation of the more ancient art. Indeed, art, during the Roman imperial period, is inferior to all the eras which preceded it. Rome, drawing nearer and nearer to its end, became every day more corrupt in customs, in military and civil virtue, and the exercise of the arts. The jewels from the third to the sixth century are easily recognized, because their material is of much more value than the work of the artificer. It was the period when rings, bracelets, and other gold ornaments, were made extraordinary weights, and the value was placed more in the precious metal than in the fineness of work and elegance of form. For this reason, few of these jewels were found in the succeeding centuries, having been stolen by the barbarians who overran Rome, and carried the rich spoils back to their native forests.

The Christians of the primitive Church used few ornaments of gold or gems, and the few jewels which are found in the Catacombs, similar in form to those of the empire, are so destitute of all art that they may be compared to the poorest of the primitive era. Christian symbols were roughly cut upon these ornaments, and it may be that the locket, rings, and

clasps, a few in gold and silver, and many in copper and bronze, served as signs in times of persecution.

The Oriental style, which was propagated from Byzantium over all the West, caused substantial changes in all the arts; and Italian jewelry lost the peculiarity with which it had been invested by ancient tradition. Ravenna was the center of the new school, and when that city fell under the barbarian domination, Venice preserved its character until a late period. The thousandth year after the birth of Christ having passed, and the fears of the end of the world being dissipated, men began again to interest themselves in the arts and labors of life. The art of making jewelry was cultivated principally in the cloisters. The new style formed there mingled ancient tradition with Arabian art, and, although very gorgeous, and not always in good taste, it was developed later. The gold ball of St. Mark's in Venice, the beautiful shrines for relics at Cologne, and the furniture of the churches, are specimens of this period. About the year 1200, a monk named *Theophilus* wrote a book on this subject, and his method caused the art of jewelry to slowly improve, and divest itself of the rudeness acquired in the barbaric period. In the fifteenth century, *Finiguerra*, *Caradozzo*, and *Benvenuto Cellini* founded a school which created prodigies before unknown. These masters had lost the ancient traditions, and the exquisite jewels buried in the tombs had not yet been discovered; still, guided by their own genius, they established new methods, and produced most beautiful objects. They used jet engraving, wavy lines, carved work, and a great variety of bright-colored enamels, so that, like the antique, the value of the precious metal was forgotten in the exquisite and original work of the artist. All this was done without imitating either the designs or the methods of antiquity.

But from the time of Michael Angelo, when painting, sculpture, and architecture began to be corrupted, the art of jewelry felt the same influence. At the

end of the seventeenth century, it was already greatly degraded, and lost every trace of good taste under the rule of the Austrians and Spaniards. The species of Romanismo, or rude imitation of Roman architecture in jewelry, which was the mode under Napoleon, was destitute of all artistic character, and accident alone liberated the art from this miserable Ultramontane slavery. The discovery of Herculaneum, Cumæ, and Pompeii caused many rich strangers to desire copies of the articles found there, especially of women's ornaments, the workmanship of which was so superior to that of the French jewels. The Neapolitan Sarno succeeded so well in imitating these antique jewels that many other artists followed his example. The subsequent discovery of the sepulchers at Cere, Cervetri, and Vulci, brought to light still more beautiful objects, which, after thirty years of patient study, have at last been not only imitated, but faithfully copied, by the Castellanis, who are able to reproduce all the ornaments, in gold and gems, of all the historic periods of Italian art. The periods of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are added to the five ancient periods already enumerated.

The general characteristics of these seven periods are essentially different. The ornaments of the most ancient period are generally of amber, sometimes of silver, and rarely of gold. The work of the metals is rude, and the forms belong to a primitive age, as they often reproduce the most common utensils, or the animals in the midst of which this ancient race of men lived. Rows of little axes are used as necklaces; and monkeys, or animals no longer existing in the Italian fauna, as amulets. These articles are in amber. Thin plates of gold are sometimes impressed with straight or crossed lines, and amber beads are mixed with others of gold and silver, threaded, and used for necklaces or bracelets. The greater part of the ornaments of this period were found in the sepulchers of Præneste, Vejo, and Cere.

They were considered Tyrrhenian or Etruscan, when they were found, as at first, in fragments; but were recognized as belonging to an anterior period when discovered in larger quantities, in the tombs of Præneste and Bologna. It is a remarkable fact that similar objects are found in Norway, Sweden and Mexico.

The jewels of the best period of Tyrrhenian art are easily recognized, from their perfect elegance and beauty of form, and their exquisite finish, which the succeeding ages were never able to imitate. Engravings, minute granules, notched and very fine cords, small figures, and enameling, are most beautifully wrought in gold, with correct and pure designs. The different parts are wonderfully harmonized, and elegance is always united with simplicity. These ancient artificers made use of chemical agents and mechanical instruments entirely unknown to us. They could separate and reunite gold regularly in small globules, which are almost imperceptible to the naked eye. Their mode of soldering and drawing out wire still remains a problem. The general style of workmanship, the exquisite designs, the wavy lines, and the peculiar character of the small figures, make it easy to decide that these objects belong to the period called Tyrrhenian.

It is remarkable that the same mode of operating, the same principles of art, and, to a certain degree, the same kind of figures and ornaments, in jewelry, are found in the ruins of Nineveh, the tombs of the Crimea, the Egyptian pyramids, and the Italian sepulchers. The East Indians, even now, do work which has no slight resemblance to the ancient Tyrrhenian. The designs approach bad taste, because made by a people which has been long declining; however, their art still shows the same mode of soldering, placing over fine plates of gold the grains, cords, and wrought enamel, in the same manner as the Tyrrhenian. These jewelers lead a wandering life, and, carrying with them all their instruments, set up their shop wherever they are

permitted to do so. They are sometimes seen crouching in the kitchen or barn of some rich nabob, where, with great patience, using a small bellows and certain iron tools and rods, they transform gold coins into corded and granulated ornaments. From this Indian art, therefore, we may conjecture what was the Tyrrhenian. It operated, perhaps without fixed rules, freely, aided by few instruments, but guided by good traditions, and wrought by an ingenious artist.

Etruscan art is very clearly a corruption of the Tyrrhenian, from which it probably originated. On the whole, the method of working is the same, but the style, declining to bad taste, is irregular and whimsical. There are no longer very minute granules, fine cords, and elegant wavy lines, but a greater breadth and roundness of form. The want of curves occasions an artificial and inflated style, and there is greater richness, with much less work, and fineness of execution. Etruscan jewelry is divided into two kinds, essentially distinct; that is, ornaments for wear, and funeral ornaments. The first are so solid that they might be worn for years without injury; while the second are of inimitable lightness. The fineness to which they were able to beat the gold of the crowns of beans, which encircled the heads of the rich and noble after death, is wonderful. In both of these classes, in place of the colored glass, amber, ivory, and enamels, used in the previous period, are substituted garnets, emeralds, onyx, and carnelian. Among the ornaments for wear are amulets of agate in the form of a beetle, very heavy gold rings, seals in the form of a lens or a vase or of the human figure. The clasps and studs are very large, and the pendants of ear-rings varied in form and size. The decline of art and inflation of style are manifest in all these ornaments. The principal works of this period have been discovered at Vulci, Chiusi, Orvieto, Tarquinia, and Monte Romano.

The tradition of Etruscan jewelry is preserved in a certain way until our time,

having been continued through ages in the central Apennines. The gold and silver ornaments with which the peasant girls decorate themselves retain a great resemblance to the ancient style. The rude jewelers of those secluded regions, entirely separated from the trade of the great cities, and excluded from contact with modern life, make strings of gold beads, filigree crowns, and pendants of peculiar forms, by methods which resemble the Etruscan. The filigree works of Genoa and Malta are also of this class; at least in the style, but not in the method of execution.

In the Italo-Grecian period, which succeeded the Etruscan, appears again the thread of Tyrrhenian tradition. It was preserved in some parts of Magna Grecia and Sicily, where the Etruscans had not extended their colonies and government. Therefore the Italo-Grecian jewels are much more elegant in design than the Etruscan, and resemble much more nearly the Tyrrhenian, from which they are certainly derived, although the finish is wanting. Very few specimens of Italo-Grecian jewelry have come down to us, as Sicily was devastated first by the Epiroti, then by the Carthaginians, afterward disturbed by the Roman pro-consuls, and, finally, sacked by the Saracens. The Italo-Grecians did not use ornaments at their funeral ceremonies, or in their sepulchers, and we do not even know that such tombs have been found. For these reasons, the jewels of the Italo-Grecian period are very rare, and the greater part of those which have been found are in the Neapolitan Museum. The straight lines and graceful curves, which compose the designs of these ornaments, are formed of rows and cords of gold, but are destitute of the minute granules and fine vitrification of the ancient art. But the character of the Italo-Grecian jewelry is better preserved by the statues, coins, and paintings of Magna Grecia, which show figures ornamented with necklaces, armlets, and ear-rings, the designs of which are very beautiful. Pliny describes very rich

crowns of gold and pearls belonging, without doubt, to this period. He narrates that thirty-three crowns of pearls were brought, among the other spoils, in the third triumph of Pompey, after he had reconquered Sicily.

Rome had no special style until after the age of Augustus. The apogee of Roman art was at the time of the Antonines; and, although it was rude in comparison with the three periods which preceded it, it was still very magnificent, from the great quantity of gold and gems used in the jewels. Purity of style is entirely wanting. The value of the material is always superior to the beauty of the work; and we see no longer the lovely cording, the beautiful little figures, and decorations of fine granules. Armlets of enormous weight in gold; necklaces, with large sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, onyx and agate; rings of the most varied forms, with incisions on agate, glass, or on the metal itself, or with inscriptions and gems; imperial coins, joined in heavy strings; crowns made of thick gold leaves; heavy diadems; cups, scepters, gemmed looking-glasses,—these were the ornaments of this period. It naturally inclined to a coarse and clumsy character, and finally ended in the Oriental style, which was inferior to itself.

Latin civilization being extinguished, the darkest barbarism reigned in Italy from the sixth to the eleventh centuries. Every vestige of Roman tradition in regard to art had vanished. Our artists were content to make rude utensils in bronze and copper, or, at the most, ornaments for servants in some base metal, covered with plates of silver or gold. They also made boxes of bronze and silver with rude enameling, clasps, and pins for the hair, also of base metal. But their art was not superior to that of the first period, called *Antichissiner*. At this time, however, Byzantine art was practiced here by artists who came from Greece and the East to make jewels for the rich; but, transplanted from a foreign soil, it never had any real life. It partakes of the Moorish and degenerated

Greek style, and may be seen in some monuments which still exist. Its most flourishing period was at Ravenna, in the eighth century, under the exarchate. It was perhaps brought there by the Carolingi, who learned it from the Saracens, or from the Arabs when they were in Spain and Sicily. Byzantine art also flourished in the eleventh century, during the Crusades, and was also imported by the commerce and conquests of the republics of Genoa and Venice in the East. From the mosaics in the churches of Rome, Venice, Sicily, and Ravenna, it may be seen that the Byzantine style was rich and gorgeous, and not destitute of a certain elegance. In the sacred images (some of which, instead of Virgins, holy martyrs, and Madonnas, were rather portraits of princesses, and women of high rank, favorites with the popes and kings), are seen great splendor of dress and ornament. The royal coat of mail of Charlemagne, of this period, fortunately preserved at Aquisgrana, and the votive crowns discovered at Guarragar, and now at Cluny, have a similar character. The art of the eighth and eleventh centuries, therefore, was of a similar character, although the latter was greatly inferior, and declined until the new spirit of Italian art caused it to disappear. In the jewels, reliquaries, and sacred vestments are seen great luxury of gems. The design was in general beautiful, and entirely Oriental in character, but bizarre, and destitute of purity and correctness. Cords were rare, and figures and incisions were entirely wanting. The style fluctuates between barbarism and elegance, and is suggestive of Arabian customs and the times of the cavaliers. Two entirely different styles of art, therefore, existed during the Middle Ages: the one, rude and barbarous, which began with the corruption of Roman art, and grew continually worse; the other, foreign, which, although it did not rival the ancient period, was able, nevertheless, in the twelfth century, to imitate the revival of this art.

SOPHIA BOMPIANI.

CONNECTICUT IN 1775.

WITH the events that transpired in and around Boston, the seat of actual war, history makes every body acquainted. We are not so well informed as to the doings and feelings of the inhabitants of the interior of the States, especially of Connecticut, the home of Benedict Arnold and Israel Putnam.

The capital of Eastern Connecticut was Norwich, a beautiful New England town, which has nestled for two hundred years among its rugged hills. Lying at the junction of land and water route, by rail and steamer, midway between the two great metropolitan cities New York and Boston, it is daily visited by scores of people, in transit, who can not fail to be impressed with its beautiful surroundings and to be interested in its romantic history. So many of its sons and daughters have gone out to seek new homes and associations in the various parts of our country, its Revolutionary history can not be devoid of interest.

The leaven of the Revolution had been working long before the events which lit up the flame of freedom, and united our fathers in the common cause. Although Norwich was within the jurisdiction of the Colony of Connecticut, it had always been accustomed to exercise grave powers, without the consent of the General Court; and, from the first years of its settlement, in 1660, the town sovereignty was undisputed. Hence, when the hour of peril came, we discern no hesitating, no looking for authority or leadership. The people assembled in their own name on every important occasion, either in the town-house, or beneath the Liberty Tree on the old green, and gave authority to their acts, as the case demanded, by legal vote or popular acclamation. This town became the central point of action, as it was of business, for the whole of Eastern Connecticut. Hence, its history substantially covers that of the whole country east of the

great river that divided the Colony into east and west.

During the agitation of the Stamp Act question, the people were roused to indignation. The Stamp officers were burned in effigy; and the stamps designed for distribution in the State were, on several occasions, seized by vigilance committees, and burned. The citizens were also indignant in regard to the duties on tea and other articles of domestic use, and early turned their attention to the manufacture of all articles for which they could procure or grow the raw material; thus cutting off, as far as possible, the consumption of foreign goods. Norwich was one of the first and most successful towns in introducing these manufactures. In a short time, there were established a paper-mill, a foundry for the casting of mortars and cannon, a fulling-mill, a nail factory, and other branches of industry. The spinning-wheel and the loom were also plied by fair hands with increasing diligence, and home products were every-where used, to the exclusion of imported cloths.

Patriotism was now put to the test in individual life by the fealty in which both men and women conformed to the popular requirement. Ladies appeared at parties in homespun, faithfully discarding all laces, ribbons, and silks; and for tea at the table, an indigenous herb was substituted which had long been a favorite with the aborigines; and all entertainments and festivities were conducted on the same principles. This spirit moved the people in private; and, for public action, town meetings were called, as often as "the critical and alarming conjuncture of affairs" demanded, and on the records were repeatedly inscribed the words, "Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!" A committee was appointed to co-operate with the "Merchants' Committee," to inspect the conduct of merchants, and to publish the names of all such as did not

conform to the non-importation agreement; and other important action was taken for the encouragement of domestic manufactures. A committee was also appointed to attend a meeting in New Haven, for the purpose of more effectually enforcing the non-importation measures. Numerous instances are on record where parties who attempted to over-ride public sentiment in these matters were severely dealt with, and compelled to leave or make a public recantation.

During the occupation of Boston by the British garrison (1773-1775), and the general distress of the patriots in that town in consequence, the spirit of liberality manifested in all parts of the country was largely shared in by the citizens of Norwich; and the manner in which it was appreciated may be gathered from the correspondence of two leaders of the Revolution. Samuel Adams, on receiving information of what was proposed to be done by Norwich, in closing a letter to the committee, uses these words: "The part which the town of Norwich takes in this struggle for American Liberty is truly noble." And Dr. Joseph Warren, in acknowledging the receipt of the first donation from Christopher Leffingwell, in behalf of the committee, in August, 1774 (which was two hundred and ninety-one sheep), says: "Mr. Gage [meaning General Gage, then acting as British vicegerent in Massachusetts] is astonished at the spirit of the people. He forbids their town meetings, and they meet in counties. If he prevents county meetings, we must call provincial meetings; and, if he forbids these, we trust that our worthy brethren on the continent, and especially of the town of Norwich, Connecticut, will lend us their helping arms in time of danger, and will be no less conspicuous for their fortitude than they now are for their generosity." The sheep were driven to Boston by a faithful drover, and the record of the transaction contains a complete transcript of the drover's account-book, giving in detail his expenses while on his way to

Boston. An amusing entry is as follows: "At Colonel Putnam's, one mug of flip, gratis."

How securely Colonel Warren calculated upon the sympathy of the people of Norwich, and the Colony of Connecticut generally, when he predicted, in the foregoing correspondence, that they would "lend their helping arms in time of danger," was verified before the close of the succeeding month. In September, General Gage landed a body of troops to remove the military stores and arms from Charlestown to Castle William. This caused great excitement in Boston, and was magnified into an actual attack upon the town. A messenger bearing this rumor reached Colonel Putnam, at Pomfret, who immediately expressed it to Captain Cleveland of Canterbury, Major Durkee of Norwich, and to the various towns below, along the shore and on the river. On Saturday, September 4th, the report was received in Norwich; and early on Sunday morning, Major Durkee was in his saddle, in command of nearly five hundred men, *en route* for Boston. They had, however, proceeded but a few miles when they learned that the report was false, and returned home. About half that number, armed and mounted, left Windham at sunrise the same morning, and did not learn of the falsity of the report until they had proceeded about thirty miles. At Colchester, the report was received during service time. The minister immediately dismissed the meeting, and such men as were able to bear arms were soon under marching orders. So general was the feeling on receiving this rumor, that it is thought that not less than twenty thousand men, in Connecticut Colony alone, were under arms, and in march for Boston, before sunset on that memorable Sunday.

The General Court, seeing the necessity of preparing for the outbreak upon which the country seemed rapidly verging, now ordered a thorough reorganization of the militia. A regiment was organized in Norwich, and a general muster and drill ordered for May, 1775; but,

as the opening of hostilities in April of that Spring had called nearly all its number to the scene of action, the parade was necessarily postponed.

In the early part of 1775, while the inhabitants of Boston were leaving in great numbers, and spreading over the country, the town voted, in public meeting, that no persons should be allowed to settle here who had been inimical to the common cause, unless, by certificate from Congress, it was declared they had changed their course of conduct. Among the patriot families that found refuge here were the Greenes, the Phillippes, the Quincys, and others of equal note.

Thus the spirit of independence had been kindled, and the flame was ready to break out all over the country, and the people could hardly have been surprised when the news from Lexington and Concord sounded the alarm of actual war in the land. When Colonel Putnam received the news from the messenger bearing the tidings to Connecticut, he was plowing in his field. In an instant, he unyoked his oxen, turned them loose, and, mounting a fleet horse, rode to Boston, a distance of more than sixty miles, in a single day. Learning that the British had retreated to Boston, and were already being besieged by the gathering hosts of the new army, he repaired immediately to the capital of his State, where the Legislature, of which he was a member, was in session. Thence he returned to his home, in Pomfret, with authority to raise and equip a regiment of men; which he did without delay, and marched with his command to Cambridge. On his arrival there, he was sought out by the British officers, and was offered a high rank in the British army, and an extravagant compensation, to join the royal cause; but he had united his fortunes with those of his countrymen, and neither British gold nor royal honors could swerve him. In the month of May, he led an expedition against that portion of the town now known as East Boston, captured and burned a British vessel, killed and wounded seventy of the en-

emy, and returned, carrying off several hundred sheep and neat cattle. It was mainly through his determination to bring on a speedy engagement that Bunker Hill was fortified. When George Washington arrived to take command of the Continental armies, he bore four commissions from Congress for four major-generals; and it is a singular circumstance that, of the four officers named in these commissions, Colonel Putnam was the only one the new commander was willing to place by his side in the great struggle. For prudential reasons, the other three commissions were withheld.

The express that had reached Putnam at Pomfret, and roused him to action, proceeded hastily to Norwich, arriving there the next afternoon after the battle, and found Governor Trumbull in town. Measures were taken to gather correct information, and volunteers began to press forward to join the army at Cambridge. The Legislature of the State ordered the enlistment and equipment of six regiments, for a service of seven months. In May, Major Durkee raised in Norwich a company of a hundred men, who moved immediately, under command of Lieutenant Joshua Huntington, to join Putnam's regiment. This company left on the 23d; and, on the two succeeding days, companies passed through the town from Saybrook, New London, and Preston. In June, Norwich sent another company, officered by Captain Gale and Lieutenants Josiah Baldwin, Elisha Lee, and David Nevins. In July, two additional regiments were raised in the eastern part of Connecticut, under the commands of Jonathan Latimer, of New London, and Jedediah Huntington, of Norwich; and still two other companies, under commands of Captains Asa Kingsbury and Joseph Jewett. The unfortunate Jewett was subsequently taken prisoner at Flatbush, and barbarously slain with his own sword after he had surrendered it. A portion of these troops were in the battle of Bunker Hill, and Major Durkee's command is reported

to have lost twenty guns and forty blankets in the retreat.

The result of this battle, though not a victory, was encouraging to the American arms, when it was considered that a mere handful of recruits, under a militia colonel, had twice driven back the British regulars, with distinguished generals at their head, with great slaughter, and were only compelled to retreat after they had exhausted their ammunition. It was not surprising, then, that this battle was heralded through the country as an important opening event of the war. They had slain over a thousand of the enemy upon that hill-side, and taught the British commander the bitter consequences of attempting an aggressive movement against even the raw recruits of the new army. The news was received in Norwich with great enthusiasm. It was at the close of Sunday service. The meeting broke up with loud huzzas; and the usual Sunday stillness was that night broken by the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, and the shouts of exulting patriots. The Connecticut troops passed the next Winter in the siege of Boston, and were afterward at the battles of Brooklyn and Harlem Heights, followed in the retreat through the Jerseys, and fought nobly at Germantown. Many of these volunteers in the early outbreak re-enlisted, and served through the war with distinction and honorable promotion.

The writer well remembers the declining years of some of these veterans who fought in 1775. Lieutenant Andrew Griswold, as late as 1827, used to sit beside his cottage door, not a stone's throw from the old school-house, and entertain the school-boys with his thrilling stories of the Revolution. At the battle of Germantown he received a wound which crippled him for life, and after the war he became a Government pensioner. At the time of his death, in the Fall of that year, a military review was in progress within a short distance of his home, and a body of troops was detailed to attend his obsequies; and the old hero, at

the ripe age of seventy-two, was laid to rest, with his faithful sword at his side, while the sound of muffled drums and musketry above his grave did honor to his memory.

Several personal incidents are connected with this local history, only a few of which we will give, for want of room. Late in the year 1774, when men of means and position were carefully dodging between duty and policy, a wealthy merchant and West India trader, in conjunction with his wife, carefully weighed this matter, and mutually decided to hazard all the perils of war by joining the popular cause. They then summoned their children—ranging between the ages of thirty-one and ten years—to their home, and laid before them their plans, requiring the opinion of each one separately upon this important matter. Five sons and two daughters, grouped in that parlor on that bright morning, pledged their fidelity to the cause of the Colonies, and their names were all, to a greater or less extent, identified with the protracted struggle for liberty; and in regard to them a faithful historian has left this record: "If the annals of the Revolution record the name of any family which contributed more to that great struggle, I have yet to learn it."

Jabez Huntington, of Norwich, was the father and head of that noble family. In 1765, when Governor Fitch, of Connecticut, presented the Stamp Act to his council, and required them to swear him to the faithful performance of his duties under it, this gentleman, together with his cousin Hezekiah, also from Norwich, flatly refused to be parties to the transaction. Afterward, as the oath was about to be administered, in the presence of a minority of the council, these gentlemen indignantly withdrew from the chamber. In 1774, he was moderator of the meeting in which Norwich declared in favor of liberty. In 1775, after the breaking out of hostilities, he was appointed on the Committee of Safety for the Colony; and afterward, successively, a brigadier and major general of the militia, with

full power to call out the troops for the defense of his own and the adjoining States.

The oldest son, Jedidiah, was engaged with his father in business. He was particularly noted as a son of liberty, and an active captain of the militia. He was promoted to the command of a regiment, and joined the army at Cambridge with his force, in just a week after the battle of Lexington. His regiment was a part of the secret force that took possession of Dorchester Heights, and erected a line of fortifications which caused the withdrawal of the enemy from the harbor and restored Boston to the patriot army. He then left for New York, stopping on his way to entertain the new commander, Washington, at his residence in Norwich. This superb old mansion, still standing, bearing the marks of its antiquity in all its surroundings, at various times during the war offered its hospitality to Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, and other distinguished foreign officers. At one time, while Lauzun's Legion was cantoned at Lebanon, by invitation of General Huntington, that nobleman and his officers were banqueted at his house; and, after the dinner was over, they all went out in front of the house, and gave three loud huzzas for American liberty.

Ebenezer, the next son, at the age of twenty-one, was in his closing year at Yale College. On receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington, he applied for, and was refused by the faculty, an honorable dismissal from his class, that he might join the army near Boston. He immediately, however, left New Haven, and, with a company of volunteers, marched for the scene of action. He was successively promoted during the war to the positions of captain and brigade-major.

With General Jabez Huntington was associated, in all important public matters, a younger townsman of his by the same name, though from a different branch of the family. This was Samuel Huntington, who was successively a

member of the Legislature and Associate Justice of the Superior Court. In 1775, he was made a member of Congress, and, the next year, was one of that band of intrepid men who were determined to meet the emergencies of the Colonies by declaring themselves independent of British rule and proclaiming the rights of a government in which the people should be sovereign.

Colonel Christopher Leffingwell, though not in active service, performed much arduous labor as one of the committee of correspondence of the town, and but five days before the battle of Lexington received a complimentary letter from John Hancock, then President of the Provincial Congress, in consequence of the important intelligence he had given that body. He was captain of a militia company, and, at every alarm from the coast, was ready to move with his command for the defense of his neighbors below. General Parsons, on his way to join the army, ordered one of his companies to lodge at Norwich, and call on Mr. Leffingwell for supplies. The announcement of the battles of Lexington and Concord was first made to him, and by him communicated to Governor Trumbull. In 1859, at the bi-centennial of Norwich, the original document was exhibited from which he read these alarming tidings. His house was one of great hospitality, and Washington was at one time his distinguished guest. He was also one of the bold yet sagacious movers of the plans to secure the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. It was important to secure these positions for two reasons,—they then formed the principal key of communication between the Canadas, which were likely to prove loyal, and the Colonies; also to secure the valuable munitions of war there held for the use of the army then gathering at Cambridge. Major Mott, from Preston, just over the river from Colonel Leffingwell's, was sent to Vermont at the head of a committee, with instructions to examine into this matter, and, if thought feasible, to raise

a force sufficient to capture the forts. Having employed Colonel Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" for this important expedition, the forts capitulated, under an ingenious surprise of Allen and his men, without bloodshed. The garrison was sent to Hartford for imprisonment, and the supplies, consisting of about two hundred pieces of artillery and other valuable munitions of war, were secured for the forces besieging Boston.

At this juncture, another man of Norwich nativity appears on the field, and attempts to take from Allen the command, as well as the honor of this bold and successful enterprise. Benedict Arnold, who was born in Norwich, but for several years past had been a resident of New Haven, had about this time offered his services, at Cambridge, to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety; and, having doubtless learned something of the intended movement of Connecticut upon the lake forts, proposed to the Committee a similar expedition, and made it appear so plausible that they commissioned him a colonel, with power to raise four hundred men, and proceed at once with the enterprise. Having failed to raise any number of men, or even officers who would take command under him, he pushed on alone, with his commission in his pocket, and by virtue of it demanded of Allen the command of his forces, and, after the capitulation, attempted by an appeal, which was unsuccessful, to the Massachusetts Provincial Assembly, to deprive him of his command. But these forts had been taken in the name of a higher authority than that even of Colonel Arnold, of Massachusetts, or the secret commission from Connecticut,—“in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.”

The original journal, kept by Major Mott, giving a detailed account of the movement of this secret expedition, from April 28, 1775, the day of its departure from Norwich, until the time of the capitulation, is still extant. Referring to Colonel Arnold's charge against Allen,

that he had taken the forts without orders, Major Mott closes his journal with these words: "On which I wrote Colonel Allen his orders as followeth:

"TO COL. ETHAN ALLEN:

"*Sir*,—Whereas, agreeable to the power and authority to us given by the Colony of Connecticut, we have appointed you to take the command of a party of men, and reduce and take possession of the garrison of Ticonderoga and its dependencies; and as you are now in possession of the same, you are hereby directed to keep the command of said garrison, for the use of the American Colonies, till you have further orders from the Colony of Connecticut, or from the Continental Congress.

"EDWARD MOTT, *Chair. of Com.*

"*Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775.*"

Early in 1775, it was decided to make Norwich a port of refuge, where vessels might flee for safety from the prowling crafts of the enemy in Long Island Sound. A fort was built and garrisoned, under command of Captain Jacob De Witt, just below the town, for this purpose. Under the protection of this fort, the committee of inspection, without authority from the State, fitted out several expeditions for the capture of British commerce; among which captures were two vessels with valuable cargoes,—one carrying twenty thousand gallons of molasses, and the other eight thousand bushels of wheat. This vessel had been fitted out in Baltimore for England, but, by stress of weather, had been driven into the Sound.

Captain John Lamb, of Norwich, sailed from New London in 1774, in command of the ship *America*, for Gibraltar, but was not heard from for three years. It subsequently transpired that, being foiled by the troublous times from pursuing his legitimate business, he put into one of the French islands, and fitted out as a privateer.

In 1775, a commission was appointed by the Colony, of which Benjamin Huntington, of Norwich, was the head, authorized to provide means for the safer

and more speedy transmission of stores and intelligence from point to point along the coast, and diligently to watch the movements of the enemy upon the water. A fast-sailing schooner was bought, and brought up the river to be fitted out for this purpose. She was rechristened *The Spy*, was of fifty tons burden, and carried six guns. Commanded by Captain Niles, she traded along our coast, carrying important intelligence from place to place, and made a successful trading voyage to the West Indies. In the course of her operations, she took several valuable prizes.

Thus the great war for independence was fairly launched upon the country, and all hearts were beating for liberty. Washington had assumed the command of the Continental armies, and Congress was considering carefully the measures and methods of operation which, after more than a year of open hostilities, culminated in the memorable Declaration of Independence.

1775—1875! These figures span a century of the most interesting and marvelous period of the world's history. They carry us back to the time of our Colonial troubles, when our country was in a state of subjugation and peril, our government had no existence, and the first inception of our real and permanent independence had not had its birth: they bring us back, over the rugged path of the Revolution, and the cheap experiment of a Confederacy, to the tried realities of a national compact that has survived the severest civil conflict of the world, in honor, integrity, and perfect unity; back over a period of civilization

fraught with deeper interests, better impulses, and more potent results, than any, perhaps, in all the ages previous; back over a civilization that has wrought wonders in populating an immense territory with a people of culture and enterprise, in transforming the wilderness into gardens of luxuriant growth, in unearthing and utilizing the treasures of the earth, in diffusing intelligence and morals, and giving freedom of thought and enterprise alike to all in the great struggle for competency and position.

This year of 1875, full of joy and comfort, peace and prosperity, to forty millions of people, memorizes that of 1775, with a population of less than four millions, bending under the weight of oppression, filled with anxiety and alarm, not only for their freedom, but for their lives and their homes,—the sound of war rising through the land, and the hosts of freedom marshaling every-where for a decisive struggle. The year of 1876, upon which we so soon shall enter, will be the memorial year of 1776, and will be celebrated with pomp and true pride, as the centennial of the birth of our nation. As it was the dire necessity of our fathers to pray the God of hosts to defend them through the perils upon which they were then precipitated, may it, next year, be our glorious privilege to invoke the God of peace to sanctify to us, as a nation, the sufferings they endured, the victories they won, and the grand inheritance they left us; to unite us more closely in the bonds of brotherhood, and keep us forever in harmony with one another, and at peace with all mankind!

N. S. WENTWORTH.

WHAT CAN AMERICAN EDUCATORS LEARN FROM THE "HEATHEN CHINEE?"

CHINA is a country of schools and books. It has a copious literature, embracing philosophy, history, poetry, criticism, and commentary. Every village and neighborhood has its school, every town its academy, every county its college, every state its university, and the empire its imperial college at the imperial capital. Free-schools are unknown. The "common-school system" is modern, peculiar, in its most distinguishing features, to America, and only recently and partially adopted in Europe. Parochial schools, under the charge of priests, are the educational medium of the European States generally; and it is not to be wondered at that foreign priests, accustomed from youth to the parochial plan, can not accommodate themselves to the American free system.

The Chinese primary school corresponds to our private or select school. The teacher gathers his own pupils, and derives his support from tuition fees paid by the scholars. The Celestials build no school-houses. The loft of a story and a half house, a room in a common dwelling, an apartment in the village or neighborhood temple, is obtained by the teacher, and the rent, if any, is assessed upon the scholars, included in the term bills. This system, if system it might be called, is very ancient, coming down from immemorial antiquity. In the "Book of Rites," one of the five canonical books of the celebrated Chinese Classics, old in the time of the sage Confucius who flourished five hundred years before Christ, it is said, "For the purposes of education among the ancients, villages had their schools, districts their academies, departments their colleges, and principalities their universities." Yet, Chinese colleges, academies, and universities have very little resemblance to the dormitory system that has come down

to us from mediæval Europe. In the primary school, the master has about twenty scholars, seated on bamboo stools, at wooden tables, furnished with the *Sang-che-king*, the Three-Character-Classic, a Chinese "hornbook," containing about a "thousand words, and about half that number of separate characters." The first great object is to learn the characters, by repeating them, line by line, after the teacher, as he pronounces them to the class. Both teacher and scholar use a sing-song tone and a high key. Every one of the twenty scholars studies and recites at the top of his voice. A Chinese school-room is a bawling Babel, and at all hours of the day parents have audible evidence that the children are studying their lessons.

The Chinese language has no alphabet, no letters standing as representatives of sounds, which may be combined endlessly to form words. Each of the written characters of a Chinese book stands for a word, a combination of sounds, and represents an idea, like the signs +, —, X, ÷, =, plus, minus, multiply, divide, equal to, in algebra; or ☉, ☾, ☿, ♀, sun, moon, star, Venus, of the almanac; 1, 3, 5, 7, one, three, five, seven, in arithmetic; or <, >, ∴, ∅, swell, diminish, repeat, breve, semibreve in music.

Hence, the first five or ten years of school life must be given to memorizing the forms and names of characters, without giving much, if any, attention to their meaning and combination in phrases and sentences. It happens in China, as with us, that many youth can go to school from five to eight years old till fourteen or sixteen, and then they are compelled to go to work for a living. In these few years the Caucasian boy learns to read, write, and cipher, acquirements which enable him, in after life, to keep accounts,

to read his Bible, hymn-book, and the newspapers, and so to keep himself intelligently posted on what is transpiring in the world, notwithstanding the meagreness of his book learning. The little Mongol, on the contrary, has spent years in learning characters, the meaning of which he does not understand, and, in after life, will often be able to exhibit the singular phenomenon of ability to read a book without the power to understand, or explain intelligibly, its contents. This cumbersome obstacle in the way of any useful juvenile acquirement has given rise to various opinions among foreigners of the generalness of education among the Chinese. As all parents are ambitious to have their children learn, and few are so poor that they can not afford to give them a little schooling, it comes to pass that ability to read is much more common than the capacity to understand what is read, or to apply one's reading to any available purpose.

Chinese education has far more reference to mental training than to the uses of practical life. It aims chiefly to develop memory and imagination, to make the scholar familiar with the written character, with the sayings and doings of the great and wise of other days in his own nation, and to give him facility for composition in verse and prose. The curriculum is narrow, the drill long, thorough, and persistent; the mastery, in case of graduation, complete; and this raises the question, on the threshold, whether this feature of their method is not better than ours; whether we do not cover too much ground, introduce the pupil to too many branches, instead of thoroughly grounding him in a few elementary principles. Drill in Latin and Greek makes the youth of the English preparatory foundations better classical scholars than the graduates of American colleges. Drill grounds the Chinese student in the history, philosophy, and poetry of his own tongue, and he learns no other. His attention is not distracted, or his time divided, by the pursuit of half a dozen things simultaneously. He is not bothered with dead lan-

guages, mathematics, astronomy, geography, natural philosophy, or chemistry. His own vernacular, and the authors who have made it the vehicle of their thoughts and instructions, are the subjects of his life-long pursuit as a student.

The narrowness of the course of study tends to thoroughness. In our country and day it is not possible for every individual to be thoroughly educated in the numerous languages, philosophies, and sciences developed by the mind, inventions and discoveries of the ages; but it is possible for one to be thoroughly grounded in elementary principles, so that he can pursue any course adapted to choice or leisure.

Beyond boyhood and the primary school there is very little effort, so far as our acquaintance extends, to mass students, as in Western academies and colleges, for the convenience of board, study, recitation, libraries, and access to professors. Private tutorships or solitary studying seems to be the custom with the Celestials. The books to be studied are comparatively few and well known. As the student of divinity takes to the Bible, Christian fathers, commentaries, and institutes; as the law student takes to Blackstone and Justinian, or the student of medicine to anatomy, surgery, and *materia medica*, so the Chinese scholar, who proposes university life to himself, takes to the writings of the philosopher Confucius and the numerous commentaries that throw light upon the ancient records composed or compiled by the nation's sage.

It does not seem to matter when, or where, or how one proceeds with his studies, whether slowly or rapidly, thoroughly or negligently; the great point is, how the student will stand the stern ordeal that awaits him when he presents himself for examination. His upward course lies in regular gradations, and he passes from degree to degree only after rigid inspection and satisfactory trial. The competitive examinations of the British universities excel in variety and loftiness of subjects, grasp, and intel-

lectual tension, but they do not surpass the Chinese (when fairly conducted) in severe tests, impartiality, and thoroughness. A Chinaman's student life is one of examinations, and not of recitations or social study. Doolittle tells of colleges in Foochow that have a "large number of rooms which may be used by pupils free of rent;" and that "students who choose, may live in the colleges," but that "few do live there." Williams, writing of Canton, thirty years ago, says: "There are fourteen grammar schools, none of them in good condition." "There are also thirty colleges, most of them neglected." "Three of the largest contain each about two hundred students and two or three professors." Their object is to "instruct advanced scholars in composition and elegant writing."

The pupil may have tutors and lectures, but his grand objective point is the stated examinations. If he fails, he tries again. Having once embarked in a scholastic career, it becomes his life-work. He rarely drops it and engages in other business. Men continue to attend the official examinations till they become old. Fathers are found in the same classes with their sons, and gray-beards in the same standing with grandsons; the grandsons sometimes passing muster and graduating, while the grandsire, "plucked" for the fiftieth time, is left to try again. Upon successful candidates for literary honors, three degrees are successively conferred, none of them honorary, but all purchased by hard study, real merit, and sound scholarship, tested by numerous examinations. These degrees correspond roughly to our A. B., A. M., and LL. D.,—bachelor of arts, master of arts, and doctor of laws.

To obtain the first or lowest degree, the student must successfully pass three or four rigid trials before the district magistrate, in a public hall erected for that purpose, in the district town, corresponding, as near as may be, to our county town; then two or three examinations, more rigid than the others, before the prefect, or department magistrate, each

department being about the equivalent of eight or ten counties in our larger States. His third trial, before the literary chancellor, or imperial commissioner, at the provincial capital, corresponding to our State capitals, is, of course, severer than either of the others. If he stands these nine or ten separate examinations, before three different boards of examiners, he passes, and graduates bachelor of arts. These examinations are State affairs, over which individual schools and colleges exercise no control. How severe these initial trials are may be known from facts stated by Williams in his "Middle Kingdom;" namely, that, out of four thousand candidates from two districts, less than thirty passed the first scrutiny!

Williams further says: "The candidates for this degree are narrowly examined when they enter the hall; their pockets, shoes, wadded robes, and ink-stones are all searched, lest precomposed essays and aids to composition be smuggled in. When all are seated in the hall in their proper places, the wickets, doors, windows, and entrances are all guarded by men, and pasted over with strips of paper. The whole day is allotted to the task. The first two trials thin off the crowd amazingly; not one-third of those who appear at the first struggle are seen at the third."

Williams and Doolittle both show the abuses of this ancient system by the reigning Tartar dynasty, and speak of the sale of degrees by the impecunious Government to those who have "more money than brains," and with what scorn these brevet bachelors are looked upon by those who have purchased the honor by regular modes and hard work. Our limits will not allow us to enlarge on this one out of a numerous brood of corruptions fostered by China's Mongol rulers. The struggle and rivalry for the second or master's degree are as great as for the bachelor's. Examinations for this degree take place triennially, about the middle of September, at all the provincial capitals. There are eighteen provinces in

the empire, corresponding, in area, to our great States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, with a far denser population. Each of these provinces has a capital city, and each capital city has an immense examination hall. Those at Canton and Foochow, respectively, have been frequently visited by foreigners. According to Vrooman, the one at Canton is a parallelogram in form, four hundred and forty to four hundred and fifty feet wide, and twelve hundred and fifty long. The one at Foochow is six hundred and twenty-five feet wide, and eight hundred and seventy-five long. The area of these two is about the same, and either is more than twice the space occupied by St. Peter's at Rome. The hall at Foochow fronts to the south, and is entered by immense gates through a high wall, parallel with which, at the distance of twenty feet, runs another wall all around the premises. Through the center of the plat runs a broad avenue, from the entrance gate on the south to the wall on the north. From the central avenue narrow alleys branch off at right angles, like the streets of a city, and run straight for the east and west walls. Each of these alleys is some three feet wide, and is faced by a long, low shed, like a rope-walk, just high enough to stand up in, with a brick wall in the rear, and covered with tiled roof sloping to the north. Each of these long rope-walk sheds is divided, by brick walls, into about one hundred separate apartments, cells, or man-sheds, like the horse and wagon sheds back of a country meeting-house, tightly walled up on three sides, but wide open to sun and rain on the fourth. Each cell is just big enough to accommodate one man, standing or sitting. It has a plank-board grooved into the back wall, on which the student may sit, or curl up if he wishes to sleep. In front of him, let into grooves in the wall, is another plank, which he may use as a table to write on, or lunch on, as occasion serves. This is the sole furniture of the cells; and this the cramped and uncomfortable position, in which, once in three

years, thousands of students from all parts of a great province, like the State of New York or Ohio, are expected to work out the themes submitted by the examiners. Williams says the hall at Canton contains seven thousand five hundred cells; that at Foochow has about ten thousand. Not only is every student isolated from every other student, but a guard stands sentry at the heads of the alleys to prevent any communication of students with each other, while the thick double walls and the locked and guarded gates preclude the possibility of any assistance from friends without. Before he takes his place in his allotted cell, each student is thoroughly searched, his clothes, his shoes, his person, his ink-stone, his lunch-basket, even his inevitable tobacco-pouch, pipe, and tea-pot! He has absolutely nothing but ink and paper and his brains, to work out the theme given him by the examining board, which consists of two commissioners sent by the emperor from Peking to supervise this momentous business, assisted by the provincial officers.

If a candidate breaks any of the prescribed regulations, his name is "pasted out," placarded on the outer door of the hall, and he is shut out until another examination comes around.

Four themes are given out on the first day, selected from the "Four Books," one of which must be poetry. The minimum length of the compositions is one hundred characters, and they must be plainly and elegantly written, and sent to the examiners without any name attached. The essay is first copied by professional copyists and the copy submitted to a Board of Sub-examiners, who recommend the best to the attention of the Imperial Examiners, and reject the rest. Every effort is made and every care taken to have the papers accepted or rejected on their merits alone. After spending two days in the examination hall, closely shut in, the doors are unlocked, the seals broken, and those whose work is done are allowed to come out. The doors are shut, locked, and sealed

for a few hours longer, when another company is ready for exit.

A day or so is allowed for recess, when the diminished class of competitors again enter the hall and find their cells for another and severer trial. Five themes are given out, from the five volumes of the Chinese classics; four for prose, and one for a poem. Another two days, another tension of memory, intellect, and wit, another success or failure, another exit.

A third trial of the thinned ranks takes place, with five themes on miscellaneous subjects and one for poetry; after which the candidates and their army of attendants and watchers come forth from a week's imprisonment and a most trying ordeal.

Twenty-five days are allowed for the Examining Board to look over the essays, fifty to seventy-five thousand papers on a dozen subjects, through which, from the narrowness of the prescribed curriculum, a monotonous uniformity is sure to run.

Williams is authority for the statement that, out of four thousand to six thousand candidates, only about thirteen hundred graduate triennially in the province of Canton; something like four hundred a year, who reach the degree of master of arts, in a population reckoned by M'Cartney, nearly a century ago, at half that of the last census of the United States, namely, twenty millions!

Those who have graduated masters in their respective provinces are allowed to go, triennially, at Government expense, to the capital of the empire, Peking, to compete for the higher degree, doctor of laws. The process and results are similar to those already described. Out of the hundreds who compete, only one hundred and fifty to four hundred graduate LL. D. These are honored with introduction to the emperor, and their names inscribed on the list of candidates for promotion by the Board of Civil Office, to be appointed on the occurrence of vacancies.

In Williams's "Middle Kingdom" and

Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," the curious reader may find full descriptions of the Chinese competitive system. We have necessarily condensed and abridged. And now, with the outline of this system before us, we recur to the question, Can Christian educators learn any thing from the heathen Chinese? It is one thing to learn, and quite another to put in practice what we acquire. Phonographers have written themselves blind, and shouted themselves hoarse, over the wretched meagreness, ridiculous combinations, and expensive clumsiness, of our written signs. All see it, but there is no move toward reforming the English alphabet, conforming orthography to pronunciation, and simplifying the forms of the written signs. For forty sounds in the vocal language, we have twenty-six representatives in the written alphabet, and part of these useless or duplicates. Our orthography is so artificial and *outré* that no man can guess at the spelling of a word by hearing it pronounced, and yet a word properly pronounced is already spelled to the ear; and Franklin was right, a century ago, when he said "the worst spelling is always the best." There is no reason why, with a proper set of symbols, a man should not be able to get off the ends of his fingers in an hour as many words as he or another can get off the end of his tongue in the same time; and a wonderful saving of time, expense, labor, and thought, it would be to coming generations, if our rulers would enforce the teaching of stenography in all our schools, either substituting phonography for the present imperfect system of alphabetizing, or teaching short hand alongside of the ordinary running hand, not the luxury and perquisite of the patient or gifted few, but the necessary acquirement of all. Yet Parliament or Congress or school boards take no available steps in this useful direction. It is easy to point out what we might borrow, imitate, or incorporate to advantage, but who will heed the suggestion? Our schools need labor-saving reformatories at the very beginnings of knowledge.

We might copy Chinese methods in the higher walks of educational work. It has been asked what is needed to graduate at an American college? and the answer was, "Stay in college four years, answer leading questions at shallow examinations, and pay your term bills." Graduation is the rule, the law, the privilege, of all who can, by any possibility, squeeze through; rejection is exceptional. In China exactly the reverse obtains; graduation is the exception, the lot of the most thorough scholars; while the masses of students have the rewards of high attainments without a literary degree to solace themselves withal. This, of course, elevates the standard of student attainment far above the American, or even British and Continental, university grades. Chinese high officials are the cream of the educated men of the empire, the brightest intellects, the sharpest wits; and it is our belief that sharper-witted politicians and leaders do not exist on the globe than may be found attached to the court of Peking. Their training is narrow, and of a low type of intellectuality and usefulness; but no man can say that it is not thorough.

The Prussian system of common-schools, embracing compulsory attendance, has diffused book knowledge broadcast among all classes in Germany; while the presence of universities worthy of the name, with their learned lecturers and professors, their libraries and unstinted museums and apparatus, make their learned men the most learned in the world. Next these are the stars of the French Academy, and the honor men of the British universities; any thing in America comparable to these is exceptional.

By huge and unremitting efforts, the wise legislators of the most advanced States of the republic have laid the foundations of a common-school system in this country whose methods, standards, appliances, and thoroughness promise to rival those of any nation in the world. Just as it is getting fairly under way comes the danger from the popular bal-

lot, combined with the numerical strength of mediæval priestcraft, tyranny, and ignorance, that it will be shivered to pieces, and that to America will be transferred all the modes and miseries of despotism, the nightmare of the ages, from which enlightened Europe is just now shaking itself free.

Our republican States should not only cling tenaciously to the common-school system, but should aim to give academies and colleges a higher grade, and to create universities which shall be worthy of the name. Some States have shown commendable zeal in this direction, in the endowment of normal-schools, agricultural colleges, and State universities. It has been proposed to erect a national university at Washington. If this should follow the plan of our existing universities, it would immediately degenerate into a very ordinary school for the education of lads in the District of Columbia. No people was ever better circumstanced than we are to lay the foundation of a grand State and national system of colleges and universities.

As the common-school is the tributary of the academy and high-school, as the academy and high-school are tributary to the college, so the colleges of the State should be tributary to the State university. The State university should not be, like the college, a mere training-school for boys; nor need it be an aggregation of colleges, like Cambridge in England, with its seventeen colleges, or like Oxford, with its five and twenty halls and colleges. It need be no more than a building suited to the purposes of examination.

Erect the colleges of a State into a State university. Let the colleges, as now, prescribe a four years' course, and graduate their own students to the degree of bachelor. If learned members of the national university were annually sent from Washington to make the circuit of the State and attend the examinations of their colleges to give them tone, authority, dignity, and thoroughness, it would be all the better. Take from the individual

colleges the authority to grant the master's degree. Let that be given by the State university, after rigid examination at the State capital; and let the board of examiners be made up of learned professors, delegated in sufficient force from the various colleges of the State, aided by educational commissioners from the national university. Only those already bachelors should be eligible to entrance upon examination at the capital of the State for the degree of master, and those who, in the individual States, reach the master's degree, shall be eligible to examination at Washington before a commission of the most learned men of the nation for the degree of doctor of arts or laws or philosophy.

The State university would not then imply halls for study, but halls for examination. The national university needs halls for examination, but none for lectures, museums, apparatus, libraries; all these are the paraphernalia of the ordinary college, and the student may pursue his studies where he pleases, at home, under private tuition, or as a resident graduate of an ordinary college; he may be one year or five in mastering the prescribed curriculum. When he is ready, let him go to the State capital, pass the ordeal, and receive his degree.

Modern division of labor, as well as the wonderful variety of branches to be pursued, requires separate schools and

elective courses; hence, we need colleges of languages, colleges of the sciences, colleges of law, medicine, theology, arts, with examinations and degrees fitted to each course. If one would pursue the classics, another mathematics, another the natural sciences, let the examination of each be according to his course, and let his parchment be an honest representation of actual attainment and real proficiency.

Let the indiscriminate conferring of A. M.'s upon all A. B.'s who will send a college president a five-dollar bill be put an end to. Let the promiscuous flinging around of D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, by one-horse colleges, cease. Let the B. D., bachelor of divinity, precede the D. D., and let both be the meed of actual scholarship, ascertained by impartial examination. Let the hurtful system of competitive marks, distinctions, and prizes, in colleges and universities and schools, be laid aside; and let graduation, the representative of a thorough education, be the chief prize at which scholars shall aim. Let American universities be something more than a name, an empty title, meriting now, in most cases, only derision and contempt. Let the individual colleges confer bachelorships, the State universities masterships, the national university doctorates, and we shall have a corps of learned men of whom the country need not be ashamed.

EDITOR.

THE ORANGE-TREE.

THE man lies darkling in the boy,
The Future dimly marks its morn;
Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,
Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,
Frolics, at times, as years before,
Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,
Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in man-like thought,
Happy the man in boy-like play;
Heart unto heart forever wrought,
Our earliest and our latest day.

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods
Mingle the coming with the old;
The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds,
The bud lies white amid the gold.

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

THEY come in the quiet twilight hour,
 When the weary day is done,
 And the quick light leaps from the glowing
 heaps
 Of wood, on the warm hearth-stone.

When the household sounds have died away,
 And the rooms are silent all,
 Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden
 click
 Of the embers, as they fall;

They come, those dreams of the twilight
 hour,
 To me, with their noiseless tread,
 A tearful band, by the guiding hand
 Of a gray-eyed spirit led.

There is no voice within the hall,
 No footstep on the floor;
 The children's laughter is hushed, there is
 No hand at the parlor door.

Like fingers tapping eagerly
 Against the shuttered frame,
 Where the trailing rose its long branch
 throws,
 Beat the great drops of rain.

But my heart heeds not the rustling leaves,
 Nor the rain-fall's fitful beat,

Nor the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by
 On its pauseless path and fleet;

For now in the dusk, they gather round,
 The visions of the past,
 Arising slow, in the dim red glow,
 By the burning pine-brands cast.

My brow is calm as with the touch
 Of an angel's passing wing;
 They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred
 By the messages they bring.

Some in their grasp impalpable,
 Bear Eden-cultured flowers,
 That sprang in gloom, from the tear-bathed
 tomb
 Of hope's long-buried hours.

Some from the fount of memory,
 Lasting and pure and deep,
 Bring waters clear, though many a year
 Hath saddened their first fresh sweep;

And some in their hands of shadow bear,
 From the shrine of prayerful thought,
 A fragrance blest, to the stricken breast,
 With balm and healing fraught.

The night wears on, the hearth burns low,
 The dreams have passed away;
 But heart and brow are strengthened now
 For the toil of coming day.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

ON life's sea in storm-tossed weather,
 Mid the gloom and dark of night,
 When the winds and waves together
 Blot the harbor from our sight;
 When our little bark is tossing,
 And we know not how 't will be,
 'T is then the Nazarene comes crossing,
 Walking towards us on the sea.

Then the black clouds part asunder,
 And the storms no more divide;
 While the rolling, rumbling thunder
 Makes no more a terror wide;

When our dearest hopes shall wither,
 O, thou Man of Galilee,
 Turn thy watchful footsteps hither,
 Come thou walking on the sea.

When the mists of death are falling,
 And life's voyage all is made,
 We shall hear the Savior calling:
 "It is I, be not afraid."
 Life is short and time is fleeting,
 Ever watchful let us be,
 Till we hear our Master's greeting
 Meet us walking on the sea.

MORE ABOUT FINGER-RINGS.

IN a previous number of the LADIES' REPOSITORY we wrote an article regarding the origin of the "Ring of rings;" we now propose to furnish a paper on the history of the most rare and noteworthy of these valuable *souvenirs*.

The most valuable ring of antiquity in the world is the one known as the signet-ring of Suphis. This great man, one of the solitary colossal figures of the dim ages,—otherwise known as Cheops,—King of Memphis, during his life-time caused the Great Pyramid to be built for his tomb. A vast congregation, in fact his whole realm, were employed to erect this man's monument. Every decree connected with the construction of this immense pile, or with the multitude of men who toiled on it, was sealed with *this signet-ring*. No other finger-ring was ever made to hold such office, thus mutely swaying, as by magic, thousands of subjects engaged in this vast work. This was two thousand years before Christ. The Great Pyramid, which may have cast its shadow over Alexander and Cambyes, still points sunward, a monument of *one man's vanity and power*; and the little ring which tells all its wonderful story glows as brightly to-day as when it glittered on the hand of Suphis, more than three thousand years ago.

According to an account in the New York *Independent*, this ring was brought by Dr. Abbott to New York with his valuable Egyptian collection. It is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Ghizeh, in a tomb near the excavation of Colonel Vyse's, called Campbell's Tomb. It is of fine gold, and weighs nearly three sovereigns. The style of the hieroglyphics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid, and the hieroglyphics within the oval make the name of that Pharaoh of whom the pyramid was the tomb. The details of the engraving are minutely accurate.

VOL. XXXV.—28*

A correspondent of the same journal, in speaking of the ring next valuable for its antiquity, the one believed to have been that which was given by Pharaoh to the patriarch Joseph, says: "Upon opening, in the Winter of 1824, a tomb in the necropolis of Saakara, near Memphis, Arab workmen discovered a mummy, every limb of which was *cased in solid gold*; each finger had its particular envelope, inscribed with hieroglyphics: "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." A golden scarabæus, or beetle, was attached to the neck by a chain of the same metal; a signet-ring was also found, a pair of golden bracelets, and other relics of value. The bracelets are now in the Leyden Museum, and bear the same name as the ring. This signet-ring found its way to Cairo, and was there purchased by the Earl of Ashburnham. That nobleman having put his collection of relics, with his baggage, on board a brig chartered in Alexandria for Smyrna, the vessel was plundered by Greek pirates, who sold their booty in the island of Syra. The signet in question thus fell into the hands of a Greek merchant, who kept it till a few years ago, when it was sold in Constantinople, and purchased and brought finally to England. It is again in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham. This signet has been assigned to the age of Thothmes III. The quantity and nature of the golden decorations existing in the tomb referred to indicate it as the sepulcher of one of the Pharaohs, or of some highly distinguished officer of the royal household; and a calculation places the death of the patriarch Joseph in about the twentieth year of Thothmes III. The seal has the cartouch of Pharaoh. And one line of it has been construed into Paaneah, the name bestowed by Pharaoh on Joseph. This signifies, in combination with "Zaphnath," either

the "Revealer of Secrets, or the Preserver of the World."

As Joseph's body was not left in Egypt, many doubt whether this was his mummy or his ring; but recent revelations have strengthened the supposition. Be it as it may, this ring is a very rare and beautiful treasure, and belonged to some one high in authority. Upon Pompey's ring were engraved three trophies, as emblems of his three triumphs over the three parts of the world,—Europe, Asia, and Africa. Cæsar's ring bore an armed Venus. On that of Augustus there was first a sphinx, afterward the image of Alexander the Great, and at last his own, which the succeeding emperors continued to use.

Hannibal's death was in his ring. When the Roman ambassador required the King of Bithynia to give Hannibal up, the latter, on the point of the king's doing so, swallowed poison, which he always carried about in his ring.

The Romans collected cases of rings, many of which are mentioned as being at Rome; among these was that which Pompey the Great took from Mithridates, and dedicated to Jupiter in the Capitol. Dr. Clarke says the introduction of sculptured animals upon the signets of the Romans was derived from the sacred symbols of the Egyptians, and hence the origin of the sphinx for the signet of Augustus. Nero's signet-ring bore Apollo flaying Marsyas. This emperor's musical vanity led him to adopt it. When the practice of deifying princes and heroes became general, portraits of men took the place of more ancient types. This custom gave birth to the cameo, not introduced before the Roman power, and rarely found in Greece.

From trustworthy sources we learn that in the British Museum is an enameled gold ring of Ethelwolf, King of Wessex, second King of England, A. D. 836, 838. It bears his name. The ring of Edward the Confessor has been discovered, and was in the possession of Charles Kean, the actor, who, it is said, wore it whenever he played the character of King Lear.

Burke's "Extinct Peerage" tells that Lord L'Isle, of the time of Henry VIII of England, had been committed to the Tower of London on suspicion of being privy to a plot to deliver up the garrison of Calais to the French. But his innocence appearing manifest on investigation, the monarch released him, and sent him a diamond ring, with a most gracious message. Whether it was his liberty, or the ring, or the message that caused it, he died the following night of "excessive joy."

Shakespeare's signet-ring is of gold, and was found on the 10th of March, in the year 1810, by a laborer's wife, upon the surface of a mill-close, adjoining Stratford church-yard.

In the Life of Haydon, the painter, occurs a letter from him to Keats, from which we learn that a gold ring and seal, with the initials W. S., and true lover's knot between, was found in a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, that belonged to Shakespeare. He had seen an impression, and was highly delighted on being able shortly to possess one.

Many are familiar with the history of the ring given by Queen Elizabeth to Devereux, Earl of Essex. Francis Osborne, in his "Traditional Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," says of it: "Upon this, with a great deal of familiarity, she presented a ring to him; which after she had by oaths imbued with a power of freeing him from any danger or distress his future misconduct, her anger, or enemies' malice, could cast him into, she gave it to him, with a promise that, at the first sight of it, all this, and more, if possible, should be granted. After his commitment to the Tower, he sent this jewel to her Majesty by the then Countess of Nottingham, whom Sir Robert Cecil kept from delivering it. But the Lady of Nottingham, coming to her death-bed, and finding by the daily sorrow the Queen expressed for the loss of Essex—herself a principal agent in his destruction—could not be at rest till she had discovered all, and humbly implored mercy from God and

forgiveness from her earthly sovereign, who not only refused to give it, but, having shook her as she lay in bed, sent her, accompanied with most fearful curses, to a higher tribunal."

We are told that the nuptial ring of Mary, Queen of Scots, on her marriage with Lord Darnley, is still extant. It is, in general design, a copy of her great seal, the banners only being different,—for in the great seal they each bear a saltier, surmounted by a crown. The ring part is enameled. It is of most beautiful and minute workmanship. An impression is not larger than a small wafer. It has the initials M. R. [Maria Regina]; and on its interior is a monogram of the letters M. and A.,—Mary and Albany. Darnley was created Duke of Albany. A letter has been found in the handwriting of Mary herself, which presents the monogram of M. and A. that is upon the ring. The history of this ring, bearing the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which was produced at the trial of Mary, descended from Mary to her grandson, Charles I, who gave it on the scaffold to Archbishop Tukon, for his son, Charles II, who pawned it in Holland for three hundred pounds, where it was bought by Governor Yale, and sold at his sale for three hundred and twenty dollars, it is supposed, to the Pretender. Afterward it came into the possession of the Earl of Islay, Duke of Argyle. It was at last bought by George IV of England, when he was Prince Regent. It is sometimes called the Juxa ring.

During the years when Prussia was trying to free herself from the yoke which France had laid upon her, the most extraordinary feelings of patriotism existed. In town and village, altars were erected, on which ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones were offered up. Ladies wore no other ornaments than those made of iron, upon which were engraved, "We gave gold for the freedom of our country, and, like her, wear an iron yoke." One evening a party had assembled in the house of an inhabitant

of Breslau. Among them was a beautiful though poor girl. Her companions were boasting of what each had contributed toward the freedom of their country. Alas! she had no offering to give. While unrobing for the night, she thought she could dispose of her hair, and so add to the public fund. With the dawn, she went to a hair-dresser's, told her simple story, and parted with her tresses for a trifling sum, which she instantly deposited on an altar, and returned to her quiet home. This reached the ears of the officers appointed each day to collect the various offerings; and the president received a confirmation from the hair-dresser, who proposed to resign the beautiful hair, provided it was resold for the benefit of father-land. The offer was accepted, iron rings were made, each containing some of the hair, and these produced *far more than their weight in gold*.

The elder Kean used to wear, to the hour of his death, a gold snake-ring, with ruby head and emerald eyes.

On the day of the arrival of Miss Milbanke's answer to Lord Byron's offer of marriage, he was sitting at dinner in Newstead Abbey, when his gardener came and presented him with his mother's ring, which she had lost, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mold under her window. Almost at the same moment the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring." If he was married with it, it was a fatal talisman.

A popular foreign publication informs us that a few years ago the signet-ring of the famous Tarlough Leynnock was found at Charlemont, in the County of Armagh, Ireland.

There is a ring shown in the Isle of Wight as having belonged to Charles I of England, of which the following story is told: When Charles was confined in Carisbrook Castle, a man named Howe was its master-gunner. He had a little boy, who was a great favorite of Charles.

One day, seeing him with a child's sword by his side, the king asked him what he intended doing with it? "To defend your Majesty from your Majesty's enemies," was the reply. This answer so pleased the king that he gave the child the signet-ring he was in the habit of wearing upon his finger.

A ring is still preserved as an heir-loom, which was presented to his ancestor by King Charles I during his misfortunes. Robert Rogers, of Lota, received extensive grants from Charles II. In the body of his will is the following: "And I also bequeath to Noblett Rogers the miniature-portrait ring of the martyr Charles I, given by that monarch to my ancestor previous to his execution; and I particularly desire that it may be preserved in the name and family." The miniature is said to be by Vandyke.

The Duchess of Portsmouth is said to have secured two valuable diamond rings from Charles II's finger while the throes of death were on him.

A memorial of Nelson is left in some half-dozen of rings. In the place of a stone, each ring has a *basso-relievo* representation of Nelson, half bust; the metal, blackish in appearance, forming the relief, being in reality portions of the

ball which gave the Admiral his fatal wound at Trafalgar.

Cardinal York, the last of the Stuart family, left as a legacy to the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, a valuable ring, which was worn by the kings of Scotland on the day of their coronation.

In England, during the year 1815, a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold for seven hundred and twenty pounds to a nobleman, who had it set in a ring.

There is a ring known in English history as the *Blue Ring*, with an account of which we will close this sketch. King James I kept a constant correspondence with several persons of the English court prior to Queen Elizabeth's death; among others, with Lady Scroope, sister of Robert Carey, afterward Earl of Monmouth, to which lady his Majesty sent, by Sir James Fullerton, a sapphire ring, with positive orders to return it to him by a special messenger as soon as the Queen actually died. Lady Scroope had no opportunity of delivering it to her brother Robert while he was in the palace of Richmond, but, watching at the window till she saw him appear at the outside of the gate, she threw it out to him, he well knowing to what purpose he received it.

G. B. GRIFFITH.

SUNSET ON THE GOMER GRAT.

THE Matterhorn, which had been invisible for a week, enshrouded in its pavilion of gray cloud, came out clear, with only its accustomed wreath of mist, at three o'clock in the morning. With a strange disregard of the necessity of unbroken sleep for my tired neighbors, I roused them to communicate my discovery. As H. and his friend were to start at five for the ascent of the Breithorn, they did not relish the earlier summons. But I feared the splendid vision might be hidden before the dawn, so I gazed, unmindful of sleep, on its majestic grandeur.

After breakfast we found that no horses were to be had for the ascent of the Gomer Grat. We ought to have engaged the sure-footed animals that brought us from Zermett to the Riffell, and now our only hope was in obtaining the horses of some travelers who might arrive during the day. None came; and in despair at spending in inaction those bright, beautiful hours, I sallied forth by myself for a walk toward the mountain, with the promise that the rest of my party would overtake me when the expected horses came.

In that clear air, amid those giant forms, all sense of distance is lost; and I found that the foot of the mountain, that seemed close by, was very far off. Onward and upward I went, the ascent easy, the great white mountains unsullied in their sparkling beauty. Ladies from the Riffell Inn, whom I met descending the mountain path, told me that they had had an unclouded view from the summit. There was no time to be lost, and I hastened on. An elderly French gentleman with his guide overtook me, and invited me to look through his fine glass at a party crossing the St. Theodule. "*Toujours sous les yeux de la mere*," he said, as I told him that my son and his friend, with their guides, were the moving dots we saw on the distant glaciers.

The summit was reached—we were ten thousand feet high—the glorious view encircled us. What a panorama! Monte Rosa in her dazzling beauty, with her attendants, the Twins and the Breithorn,—the Mischabelhorn towering in the distance, with many snowy peaks between and beyond. Over the valley the pointed Weisshorn (which Professor Tyndall told me was his favorite mountain), the Dent Blanche, and other snowy summits, were defined in clear and elegant outline against the western sky, while on the shoulders or at the feet of these glittering giants, I counted seventeen glaciers.

Some gentlemen of the Alpine Club brought me the Edelweiss, Alpine pansies, and other specimens of the flora only to be found on the loftiest heights. It was June, and yet I traced letters on the snow bank at my feet. I could have spent hours on that lofty height, eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a view so grand and solemn in its stern magnificence. The noise and babble of earth all hushed,—the region one of perpetual silence. The few human voices which vibrated in that atmosphere were softened in tone as if unwilling to disturb the profound repose; the world and its "fretful stir" so far off, heaven and its calm so near,—its blue, flattened arch just above us.

The Englishmen, who were staying at the Riffell Inn, told me that it would not be prudent to wait any longer on the mountain, and offered me their escort home. I reluctantly left the summit, and we had accomplished about a third of the descent, when I met my friend Mrs. C. coming up. No horses had arrived; so she left the young ladies and came alone to find me. I could do no less than to return with her that she might enjoy the wide, wonderful view. We saw the glories and the after-glories of the sunset. Bright bits of cloud floated about, catching rich colors from the sinking sun. The white mountains grew rosy, and lost their stern aspect, as the loveliest pink hues softened their rigid outlines to the beauty of a dream. It was a transfiguration scene, with only two of us on that mountain peak to behold the radiant glory. Night had come to Zermatt and the Valley of St. Nicholas far, far below us, and the shadows were deepening on the Riffell; but we stood in the after-glow, and saw the rosy light fade from the lower, and rest on the loftier pinnacles of that mighty Alpine chain, till we bethought ourselves of the path home through the twilight.

We had not walked far when, to avoid a snow-wreath, we stepped aside, and we could not regain the path. I had placed my bunch of Edelweiss and Alpine pansies on a rock beside the path, which I thought I would be sure to find on my return. But the path and the pansies were lost. We found ourselves in the dry bed of a torrent; and Mrs. C. said, "Where water goes we can." So we went stumbling down, without the gliding motion of the stream, and with a little more perplexity. At length, in the growing darkness, we came upon the path. So relieved were we, that we heeded not a slight hail-storm which came to complicate matters. Help was at hand however. My son came striding on with an umbrella, and then came the son of my friend with a guide. At the door of the hotel we were congratulated by some of the Alpine Club who were watching for

us. They had informed our sons of our danger, and Professor Tyndall told them to take guides and lanterns, as the mountain was a most dangerous one after nightfall,—being surrounded by glaciers, and with a path so slightly defined, that one might wander there all night. But we were safe, and not penitent as we

ought to have been; for that wide-spread glory which we had just before witnessed amply repaid us for uncertainty and apprehension.

And I pressed this flower of my Alpine experience with an Edelweiss, given me at the châlet on the Riffell, as "a joy forever."
MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

OUT OF A POCKET.

THE morning sunshine poured into the old kitchen. The shadows of the nodding morning-glory vines danced over the painted yellow floor, and seemed to be whispering together of the young girl whose sweet face had peeped out through them a moment before, with a cheery call,—

"Breakfast ready, father."

But the face was unnaturally flushed, and only by a strong effort was a tone of discouragement prevented from creeping into the three simple words.

"Bobbie, dear, I'm afraid you have n't combed your hair this morning. Come here and—"

"Don't want it combed. Hurts. Don't like curls any way. Get snarled;" and the small rebel stood scowling at the breakfast-table. "I want cakes. Mamma made cakes. Lots. And maple syrup."

"O Bobbie," and there was a choke in the tender voice, "Mamma has gone away to heaven, you know. She can't take care of Bobbie any more. Won't you let sister fix your hair? Then you shall sit at the head of the table, and have some nice bread and butter."

"Do n't want bread and butter. Want mamma. Do n't know where heaven is, any way. Want her here," and the little fellow's tangled curls were pulled further down over his eyes, and his head buried in his sister's lap, while he sobbed in the utter abandonment of childhood's grief.

Eleanor roused herself at her father's step.

"Bobbie," she whispered, as she checked her own tears, "we must be brave, and not cry any more. You know how bad it makes papa feel;" and kissing the little boy, she hurried to attend to her father's wants.

The violence of a child's sorrow soon passes, and Bobbie, placed at the table, was soothed by an extra quantity of sugar spread upon his bread, and remained quiet for some time.

"This is a first-rate omelet, Eleanor. You are getting on, my daughter, and one of these days will be as good a cook as—as you want to be."

He ended abruptly. Neither father nor daughter dared trust themselves to say much, during those early days, of their new, strange, and terrible loss. "As good as your mother," had been the simile oftenest upon his lips. It was his strongest expression for whatsoever things were pure, lovely, and of good report.

"But you have burned your face, child, and tired yourself out."

"And I burned the biscuits quite up, father," with a little hysterical laugh. "I was going to surprise you with them,—and I think I should," she added, "if I had put them on the table."

"We must find help for you, somewhere, before long."

"But until then you must get along

with your poor, incapable daughter. When relief arrives, you'll have—"

"More sugar!"

This from Bobbie, who gave point to his request by thrusting into notice his huge piece of bread.

Breakfast over, Mr. Kendrick started for the hay-field, while his daughter proved how little the adjective "incapable" belonged to her, by the skillful manner in which the day's work was planned, to the least detail.

"I'm going to see Mr. Win, Nellie."

"O Bobbie, I'm afraid you trouble Mr. Winfield. You know he has to look after the big boys."

"I'm a big boy now,—he said so. And he puts me up high in a queer chair, and gives me pictures,—lots. I saw the lion's in David's den yesterday, and a baby in a tub. I like Mr. Win lots, I do."

Eleanor Kendrick laughed, a little silvery ripple, which chimed in with the clink of the tea-spoons.

"And I told him you liked him too, I did."

Not even a smile this time. A little flush and frown.

"Why Bob—"

"And he laughed, and said he was glad."

"But, Bobbie, I did n't say I liked him. You made a mistake."

The curly head was vigorously shaken.

"I know. I listened tight. You said—"

"I said I respected him Bobbie. That is a different thing."

"And you do n't like him?"

Disappointment, as well as disgust, was stamped all over the chubby face.

"O, you dear, darling little plague of a brother," and she stooped to kiss him.

"Do n't you know you must n't tell people what is said about them?"

"Why?"

"Well, it is n't polite, and sometimes it hurts their feelings."

"'Spouse they want to know?"

"Well, that might be a different thing. Now, do n't you want to help me pick the corn for dinner?"

"No, I do n't. I want to go and see—

there he is now;" and in an instant he had rushed out to the road to meet a tall, noble-looking young man, who was walking in the direction of the house.

"Mr. Win! O Mr. Win! sister Nellie says I trouble you, because I am not a big boy, and she do n't want me to go and see the pictures to-day."

"Why, Bobbie, how is that? Your sister knows that you are a particular friend of mine."

The curly head nodded an emphatic assent.

"Let us talk with her about it. Do you think she will let me come into the kitchen?"

"Yes, come along. She's washing the dishes. She won't care if you do n't break 'em. I do sometimes,—lots."

Another step brought them to the door.

"This is downright trespass, I know, Miss Kendrick; but you see I anticipate forgiveness."

The glowing, dimpling face, which he looked at with his heart in his eyes, gave no indication of displeasure.

"I can never refuse to receive my friends in the kitchen, if I have any desire to see them at all," she said. "I'm a woman with a mission now; these are the symbols of my new vocation;" and she placed half a dozen irons upon the stove.

"I do n't suppose Bobbie can be of much assistance on ironing-day, Miss Kendrick," he replied, from the doorstep, on which he had seated himself. "I want you to spare him to me till night."

"I do n't trouble you, do I, Mr. Win?" interrupted the small boy.

"Not a bit," in a hearty tone. "Bobbie helps me to keep school, by showing the big boys how well a little one can behave. May I take him along, Miss Kendrick?"

After delay sufficient to change the apron, which he had managed to tear in three or four places in the course of thirty minutes, they set off together, hand in hand.

She looked down the road after them

till they were out of sight, then turned away with a little sigh.

"Poor little Bobbie," was her anxious thought, "how can I ever fill—but I must not think of that. I wonder if Mr. Winfield took him off because he knows what a hinderance he is to me when I am busy, or because he loves him as much as he seems to. Dear little fellow, who could help it?"

So she mused as she dusted the sitting-room. The flush had died out from her face, and she was very pale. The solitude and stillness of the house was dreadful. She peeped into some of the books as she rearranged them on the table, strangely enough, seeming to find nothing of so much interest as the page upon which was written "Russell Winfield," and a date. But the busy hands made haste in putting to rights, and one felt sure she would waste no time in day-dreaming, while work waited to be done.

There was dinner to get for her father, and the two "hands," extra help in the haying. After that, the ironing was resumed, and, just as the clock struck four, she was startled by a figure which appeared in the doorway.

"O Frank! Frank!"

She had rushed to him with a great cry, and was sobbing on his shoulder, while he embraced her tenderly.

"My little Nellie! Look up here. Do n't cry so, I forbid it. You knew I would come."

"I hoped so, Frank. O, do you know how hard it is?"

"Ah, Nellie, I've had heart-aches too."

"Forgive me," she said, humbly, "I am so selfish."

"Selfish, you blessed woman! You are the most generous helper and comforter a man ever had. Your last letter reached me only a day before I heard of—of your mother's death. It was good of you to write me so fully in those anxious times. I could not have expected you to think of others."

"I hoped you would get here before."

"No need to tell you that I came as quick as possible after you wrote. I had

to wait, though, until one of our partners returned from a Southern trip. But the delay gave me time to realize all your blessed letter held for me. Why, Nellie, I could n't expect half so much. How can I ever thank you?"

"Your thankfulness won't prevent your being hungry, Frank. Just wait till after supper, when things are all 'done up' for the day, and we will have one of our long talks, just like old times."

"Where's Bobbie?" he inquired, a few minutes later, as she returned from a mysterious visit to the back pantry.

"O, he's at school."

"School! I had no idea he had begun his education so young."

"Well, he has n't, exactly; but the gentleman who has our school this Summer, has taken a great fancy to the child, and 'borrows' him, as he terms it. They have great times fishing and rowing together, and are the best of friends. In fact, I do n't know what poor little Bobbie would do, these days, were it not for Mr. Winfield."

"Winfield, did you say?"

"Yes, Russell Winfield."

"Why, I know him. He was a year behind me at Princeton, a splendid fellow. Let me see, he must have graduated last Summer."

"Yes, and has been studying medicine since."

"He was the closest student I ever knew. Pity he can't have a pleasanter vacation than teaching a district school. I wonder how he likes it?"

"You will have a chance to ask him, when he brings Bobbie home."

So the young men met after a three years' separation. There was no need of introduction.

"How are you, Winfield?"

"Glad to see you, Burlingame."

Then a long, twilight talk of college-days, while, overhead, a sweet voice sang low and tenderly to the tired little brother, who had been too sleepy to make any demonstration over his sister's guest, and whose last communication had been confidentially made to the effect that "Miss

Vis (short for Davis) had red bows on her hair, and gave me plums—lots."

Eleanor had gone down stairs again. In the low rocker, with her head thrown back, she showed how very tired she was; and perhaps that was what moved Mr. Winfield to rise and propose leaving. "Miss Kendrick has had an ironing-day," he said, in those slow, deep tones which gave emphasis to every thing he said. "I know, because she told me so this morning."

"Tired, Eleanor?"

It was Frank Burlingame who asked the question which Russell Winfield had suggested; but the tenderness of the tone made the latter wince, and say hastily, "I shall not stay to give her an opportunity to deny it. Good-night, both;" and, with a graver face than he had come, he strode along the road to his boarding-place, "Miss Vis's" house. Perhaps it was his midnight work over "compositions" that made him so pale the next day.

"Am I going to lose the long talk, after all, Eleanor? You know I go so early to-morrow—"

"No, indeed, Frank! I have so much to tell you." And the two talked together far into the night.

A week later there came a letter from him, evidently long enough to atone for the delay, and Eleanor looked happier than since he had left her; for her cares weighed heavily upon her unaccustomed shoulders. Robbie was proving every day how much he needed his wise mother's care, and the loss grew harder to bear as the days went on. Then, somehow, Russell Winfield—the thought was never finished, even in her own heart. "Why should I care for the change in him?" was the indignant question with which she always interrupted herself. The letter seemed to give her fresh encouragement. She sat down to her writing-desk at once, but, strangely enough, addressed her reply:

"My Dear Fannie,—I have just had a long letter from Frank. Though I say it as ought n't, he is certainly one of the

best men in the world. You can guess how happy I am in this new arrangement of things, which—"

A crash and a cry startled her. Robbie had been racing with the dog, quite as large as himself, and an unlucky movement threw him down headlong. It was a work of time to quiet him; then he expressed a decided unwillingness to leave his sister's lap.

"Make me a paper boat, Nellie, or tell me stories,—lots,"

She was not in the mood for story-telling, and it was with a sigh that she sacrificed the sheet of paper on which she had begun her letter,—all there was within reach. The front gate clicked, and a well-known step on the gravel walk made her heart beat faster.

"Here I am," shouted the boy, and, jumping down, he rushed to the door.

"Bobbie and the dog have had a hard time."

This was Eleanor's quiet, pleasant greeting to Mr. Winfield, and in explanation of the bump on the child's forehead.

"I would like to take him out on the river for a little while, Miss Kendrick. This is the first chance I have had to keep my promise, made three days ago."

"Hooray!" He was off for his cap in an instant.

Was it not unreasonable for Eleanor to wonder why she was never asked to go with them as formerly? But that was before—she had so much to do. Left alone, she made a second beginning of her letter, though she could not wholly prevent her thoughts from straying down to the river where the two odd friends, man and boy, talked of many matters, and a little of her.

"Nellie used to go too, sometimes."

This after a long silence, and with no response from the child's companion.

"But that was when she liked you, I guess. She do n't now. She said so."

"What!"

The boy started at the fierce exclamation.

"O, I forgot. She told me not to tell."

"But there are some things there is no harm in telling. Did your sister ever say that, my boy?"

The white face awoke him into answering. Even the young eyes could read the trouble in it.

"She said she expected you, or something. But I wouldn't mind if I was you," with a philosophical air and attempt at consolation. Evidently, the words failed to have any weight. Bobbie fidgeted and grew uneasy, then became suddenly illuminated.

"You shall have my paper boat, Mr. Win, to keep. Nellie made it. Do you know how?" And the article specified was drawn carefully out of his pocket.

The oars had been laid across the boat, and they drifted idly. Mr. Winfield could not fail to appreciate the sympathetic expression of the young face, and took the paper toy with a courteous, "Thank you."

Robbie, evidently greatly relieved, turned his entire attention to paddling in the water with his hand, and Mr. Winfield abstractedly pulled to pieces the paper boat which he held carelessly. A few lines caught his eye. He knew the writing at once. Had he not treasured a very few precious notes written in that same hand how long ago? To look at the words was to grasp their meaning,—the death-blow, sure and swift, at last, to a hope which he had been trying in vain to utterly give up. He spread the wrinkled paper upon his note-book and wrote a few lines hurriedly, then folded it into the original shape.

"I wish you would give this to your sister, Robbie. Tell her you gave it to me, and I sent it to her. I have written something inside for her to read," he added in explanation, and in response to the curiosity in the boy's face. Then the oars were resumed, and he pulled "up stream," in a double sense, and so home.

"How bravely and cheerfully she always writes!"

It was Mrs. Frank Burlingame who spoke. She was busied in looking over

a large basket of clothing, while her husband read aloud the last weekly letter from Eleanor Kendrick.

"Hers is indeed 'a heart for any fate,'" was his reply; and, the letter finished, he threw himself on the sofa with the evening paper.

"I'll look over the money market a minute, dear, before I read you the news."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Mrs. Burlingame's energetic exclamation,

"Frank—Burlingame—just look here!" And she held up a creased sheet of paper, which she had discovered in the pocket of a small pair of pants she had been repairing.

Together they read the wrinkled page:

"My Dear Fanny," etc.

"That is certainly the beginning of a letter to me!"

Then a few more lines in Eleanor's hand, and the writing changed:

"I need not explain how this came into my hands. You will forgive my reading your confession of a happiness which I can truly say I rejoice in, though it proves the destruction of my own. In mistaking your natural kindness of heart for a deeper interest, I have brought upon myself the fit punishment of my presumption. The one whom your love has crowned is as worthy of it as it is possible for any one to be; and that life may always hold for you the blessings you both deserve is the sincere wish of R. W."

"By Jove!" Frank Burlingame drew his breath hard. "There's been a fearful mistake somehow. How did it come about? The date is—"

"Just four years ago, and the same month in which her father's sudden death occurred."

"You remember I told you about Winfield at the time, Fannie. Some way this fell into his hands."

"And queerer still into Bobbie's. How nobly he speaks of you, Frank."

"Nobly! I always said Russell Winfield had the noblest heart in the world; and this sounds just like him."

"But she ought to know; and what has become of him?"

"I can't tell, except that I noticed his name in the paper, a few weeks ago, among the members chosen on the board of one of the city hospitals. I sha'n't rest now till I find him, and she—"

"Frank, I shall send this straight to her. It belongs to her, and she will understand it, you may be sure."

Less than twenty-four hours later, Frank Burlingame was in the presence of his old college chum again.

"I have been a family man for a long time," he said, in response to the hearty welcome of the latter, "was married three years ago, not to an angel, but the—one of the best women in the world."

"Yes, I know. You have been very highly blessed, Burlingame. Your—your wife—"

Burlingame's suspicion was confirmed.

"But you have never met my wife, Winfield. That pleasure is in store for you." The look in the eyes of the man to whom he spoke hurried him along.

"Her name was Fanny Hillard, my Cousin Eleanor's dearest friend."

"Your cousin?"

"My pet cousin, and, in fact, the only one I possess, save her brother. A serious misunderstanding separated Fanny and myself for a time; and had it not been for Eleanor's sympathy, and her success in setting matters straight,—finding the explanation of the difficulty,—why, I am quite sure I should never have been the happy man I am. On my way to Fanny's home, I stopped over a few hours to thank my blessed cousin; and that was the very night on which I met you, if you remember."

His listener sat with his elbow on the table, his hand shading his face.

"You know how soon after that my Uncle Kendrick died, though I believe you left the town before that. Eleanor came to my mother's in New York. I assumed the care of Bobbie as soon as I came into possession of a home of my own. Now, Winfield, my dear fellow, it

may make no difference to either you or Eleanor, but it is only right for you to know that a certain letter written by you to her was probably never delivered. My wife has a mania for missionary work, and, last night, in looking over a quantity of clothing which she is to send off, found, in a pocket, a little paper boat. Am I right in supposing that the message, apparently intrusted to Bobbie, was never delivered?"

Russell Winfield sprang to his feet, grasped his friend's hand, and wrung it painfully.

"And El—Miss Kendrick?" he asked.

"Has been teaching in a boarding-school in Philadelphia ever since her father's death, which left her dependent, a brave, noble little woman."

That same little woman felt as if all the courage she had ever possessed was deserting her, as she sat in her small, square bedroom, with that significant sheet of paper in her hands. Her life for the four years gone by had not been so very hard to bear. There were memories and longings which would occasionally crowd in between her busy moments, but they were as persistently crowded out again. Now she realized, as never before, what might have been; and it was a very hopeless reverie from which she was roused by a card which was brought to her.

"Mr. Win" waited in the parlor, standing, and hat in hand. His nerves were stronger in a dissecting-room than in the place where he hoped and feared to meet Eleanor Kendrick.

It was only for a few minutes, however. She came in so like her sweet, former self, unchanged, save that the years had touched her to refine and elevate, adding a new beauty of face, a new charm of manner.

Hands and eyes met frankly, sincerely, in that fervent greeting. There was no need of words; but while the strong man trembled with an emotion he could hardly bear, Eleanor spoke.

"Your letter came an hour ago, Mr. Winfield."

"Though it has been written four years. Only tell me that it did not come too late."

Whatever the reply was, it decided Eleanor's future in a manner very unsatisfactory to Mme. La Mode, who was thereby forced to part with her most competent assistant. The students, in their expression of good wishes, indulged in quite a natural "aside," to the effect that it was "so funny to think of one of the teachers being engaged."

"We are even, now, Mrs. Russell Winfield."

This was Frank Burlingame's first greeting.

"Fanny and I never felt that our lives would be long enough to cancel our united obligations, and lo! we are able to repay

it in *kind*, and, as you will doubtless believe, in degree, also. As for you, young Robert Kendrick," pulling his curls vigorously, "have you asked Mr. Win to forgive you?"

"If Bobbie's pocket was the source of my sure misery, it was equally so of my surer happiness," was the response. "Consider the forgiveness granted, my boy."

If the wisdom of his ten years is not quite equal to grasping the full meaning of the statement, he knows that at last things are all right somehow, and with a mature air of profound satisfaction and assurance gives expression to the sentiment:

"You know I always liked you—lots!"

C. B. LE ROW.

BRIEF GENERAL SURVEY OF MISSIONS.

THAT missions are of modern origin is both false and true. False, because Christianity was itself a mission, and its founder "one sent" into the world for its redemption. False, because the Redeemer, just about to ascend, had no sooner committed to his disciples the sublime duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature, than "*immediately* they went forth and preached every-where, the Lord working with them." But, after all, missions are of recent origin. The comprehensive view which regards the field as the world did not long survive the age of the apostles. Defenders of the faith arose with each of the numerous heresies; and the predominating spirit of Christianity, in its very infancy, lost its spirituality, and became polemic. So it happened that the apostolic era was succeeded by one of dogmatism. With the conversion of Constantine, and the influx of wealth and power, this developed into a grand system of propagandism; and the history of the Church

for centuries was one of great zeal for the Church, great labors and sacrifices to add to her numbers and possessions, to build magnificent cathedrals and monasteries, and to swell ecclesiastical endowments. There was scarcely any spiritual interior life discernible, so much of it was external. There were emissaries of the Church in many lands, but only in name were they missionaries. True, in some more zealous minds, all this was with a view to salvation; for, as they conceived, only within the Church, and through her ordinances, could this be secured.

The natural consequence was, that, in many places, even among the heathen, "converts," as they were called, were counted in great numbers, even by hundreds of thousands. Superficial work may yield speediest results, but they are speediest to decay. To whiten the sepulcher does not purify its uncleanness. There was no permanency to the work thus wrought, for it was soon reabsorbed

by surrounding idolatries and corruptions. Such were the "missions" of Romanism; but they were not *missions*.

During this dreary period there were, indeed, individuals who had a truer sense than most of the mission of the Church, and occasional efforts were made by such, along the line of these centuries, in response to that higher and holier sentiment. They were men who perceived the world's needs, and heard distinctly the Savior's command, "Go," and who could not rest without at least sending to the relief of the perishing, if they could not go in person. There was enough of this to link the present renaissance of the missionary life of the Church with that of the apostolic age, and to prove the Church in all time to have had one life, however weak, through certain periods, its pulsations may have been.

But there is another sense in which the missionary cause is modern. In no preceding age was it organized as now,—never before did it have the prominence which belongs to it. It is the present great feature of evangelical Christianity, a development necessary in itself to establish the genuineness of professed faith. Believers in the Divine Word, who are waiting for the glorious coming of Christ, scarcely consent to the possibility of a Christianity that is not missionary. So much is peculiar to the present century, and no calculation as to missionary results can date much further back and escape serious error.

The sturdy blows of Luther at length made a breach, through which light poured in effulgence upon the world; and the great awakening in the time of Wesley brought the Church to a more complete realization of her duty. The lowly and the degraded and the far off began to enlist the prayers and efforts of Christians. The prisons were visited, and the colliers were preached to, and heathen lands received an occasional visit from the messengers of salvation. Individual effort naturally preceded organization; and organization, at first crude and imperfect, was at length

substituted by the regular Missionary Society.

The earliest Protestant mission of which we have note was commenced by Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, to Lapland, in 1559. In 1620, the Pilgrims, landing at Plymouth, beheld a continent peopled by heathen, and began earnestly to labor for their salvation. Within a quarter of a century, John Eliot had earned the title of Apostle to the Indians. In 1735, John and Charles Wesley went to Georgia. In September, 1786, Dr. Coke set sail with three Methodist brethren for Nova Scotia. But a severe storm arising, and the vessel becoming leaky, the captain changed her course, and they landed at Antigua, where the missionaries opened their message; and it was so well received that they remained, and thus laid the foundation of this eminently successful mission. It was in this same year that Dr. Coke issued his address to the British public, on Missions, entitled, "An Address to the Pious and Benevolent, Proposing an Annual Subscription for the Support of Missionaries in the Highlands and adjacent Islands of Scotland, the Isles of Jersey, Guernsey, and Newfoundland, the West Indies, and the Provinces of Nova Scotia and Quebec, by Thomas Coke, LL. D., 1786." For many years, this remarkable man was, in his own person, the embodiment of Methodist missions, raising all the funds for their support and superintending all missionary affairs. He had, in his address, alluded to "a mission intended to be established in the British dominions in Asia." In his old age, he obtained permission of the Conference to consummate this purpose, and in person undertake this work, but died on the voyage, and was buried in the Indian Ocean. His tireless zeal had inspired the Christian world, and, from the coral bed on which he sleeps, there yet goes forth an influence sweeter than the aroma from those spicy shores. He had the Gospel idea of evangelizing the world in his great heart, and may be said to have been the father of Wesleyan missions.

In 1790, a committee of nine preachers

was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference as a sort of Mission Board, of which Dr. Coke was chairman, and, as might have been expected, the most important part. In 1793, the Conference ordered a missionary collection to be taken in all the societies. Although the Wesleyan Missionary Society was not organized till 1817, it will thus be seen that missionary sentiment, spirit, and enterprise, and even incipient organization, was much earlier. The English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was organized in 1701; and the Moravian Missionary Society, on the Continent, in 1732. These were the only two missionary organizations in the first half of the last century. There were three others formed during the last decade of the same century; namely, the Baptist Missionary Society, of which Carey was the founder, in 1792; the London Missionary Society, founded in 1795; and the Netherlands Missionary Society, in 1797. All the other great missionary organizations have arisen during the present century. The nineteenth century must, in fact, be regarded as the Missionary Epoch; and from it, and not from the beginning, all calculations of result must proceed to be truthful.

The spirit of Protestant America was stirred by the same causes that had been reviving the Church in Europe; and the souls of Christians in the New World were going out after the lost and perishing. The Indians and the new settlers called for special Christian effort, and, with true comprehensiveness, the eye of love and faith looked with interest and eager desire to the far-off nations. In 1799, the Massachusetts Missionary Society was formed. In 1806, a Mr. Morris, of Salem, gave ten thousand dollars to Andrew Theological Seminary, declaring his great object to be "the foreign missionary enterprise." Many such indications there were, but the rising missionary spirit had not yet combined in any great enterprise or plan for sending the glad tidings of salvation to the widely extended pagan field.

It was in 1806 that Samuel J. Mills be-

came a member of Williams College, who, when a child, had heard his mother say, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary," and his soul, when converted, seemed fully penetrated with the idea that his mother's vow should be fulfilled. The next year after his admission to college, he invited Gordon Hall and James Richards to a walk, and led them to a retired spot in a meadow, behind a haystack, where they spent all day in fasting, prayer, and conversation on the duty of missions to the heathen. The spot where they spent that day has become memorable, and is always pointed out to Christian visitors. Their conferences at length ripened into a private society among the pious students, the object of which was declared to be "to effect in the person of its members a mission, or missions, to the heathen." Of this society, no person could be a member "who is under any engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen," and each member was to "hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call." Richards, Mills, and others, upon graduation, went to Andrew Theological Seminary, and were joined by such students as Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell. When the General Association of Massachusetts convened at Bradford, in June, 1810, several of these young men appeared before the body, and represented their sense of duty to give themselves personally to mission work among the heathen. This led the Association to institute the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the earliest of the great missionary associations of our country. Four years later, followed the organization of the Baptist Missionary Union; and nine years later, namely, in 1819, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the third in chronological order of the missionary association in the United States.

Like nearly every part of our history as a Church, the missionary society was a child of Providence, born not of human

suggestion, but of divine indication. For many years, the opening frontier had invited labor that was supplied at the utmost sacrifice; and every-where benevolent hearts were making occasional and isolated gifts to aid in the support of pioneer preachers. Many Methodists, whose hearts were enlarged for the salvation of the world, in the absence of a society of their own, contributed freely to the foreign work opened by other denominations. Our pioneer work, at every point, was in direct contact with the heathen aborigines, and all things were ready, when God touched the train with a spark, and light broke forth along the whole line.

One Sabbath day, in the year 1816, Marcus Lindsay was preaching in Marietta, Ohio, and John Stewart, an inebriate colored man, was among his auditors. The spirit divine reached deeper than the spirit vile, and John Stewart was sorely convicted and soundly converted. What followed, he himself relates, in a manuscript sent to Dr. Bangs for his "History of Missions." He says:

"Soon after I embraced religion, I went out into the fields to pray. It seemed to me that I heard a voice, like the voice of a woman, praising God; and then another, as the voice of a man, saying to me, 'You must declare my counsel faithfully.' These voices ran through me powerfully. They seemed to come from a north-west direction. I soon found myself standing on my feet, and speaking as if I was addressing a congregation."

He could not subdue the feeling within him that there were sinners, somewhere, that even he must call to repentance; and he was continually drawn to follow in the direction from which the voices seemed to come. He at last took his knapsack and set off toward the north-west, not knowing whither he was going. He says, "When I set off, my soul was very happy, and I steered my course, sometimes in the road and sometimes through the woods, until I came to Goshen, where I found the Delaware Indians." Here, as the star of old rested over the manger, the voices seemed to

stay our traveler. The Indians, when he arrived, were singing, and preparing for a dance; and he captivated them with one of the songs of Zion. They repeatedly asked him to "sing more." Here he found, living as an Indian, one Jonathan Pointer, whom he had, in former years, met in Kentucky, a fugitive and a backslidden Methodist. Stewart said to him, "To-morrow I must preach to these Indians, and you must interpret." Pointer, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "How can I, without religion, interpret a sermon?" Then followed a night of wrestling and prayer, and the sermon on the morrow. He made an appointment for the next day, to which only one old squaw came; but he preached faithfully to her. The next day his congregation was doubled by the addition of an old man, and Stewart again preached. The next day was Sabbath, and eight or ten attended. Soon crowds came to hear him, and many notable conversions followed, among which were Robert Armstrong (who, taken prisoner when a lad, had been adopted by the Turtle tribe), and the eminent chiefs Between-the-Logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Scuteash.

The Church through the land was stirred to its profoundest depths by these triumphs of grace; and the needs of this and other work of the kind led to the organization of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, three years later. This was the beginning of our work among the Indians, which spread and prospered till Indian wars, removals of tribes, and the vices of the white man, brought disaster and discouragement. With our vast frontier work, it was enough, for the time, to satisfy the intense longing that had seized praying souls for the conversion of the world. Just at the hour we needed it, a new field was brought to view.

The colony of Liberia had been established, and among the first emigrants were many members of our own Church. These sent back a cry to the United States for some one to come and shepherd them in the wilderness. Bishop

Hedding responded, in 1832, by appointing Rev. Mellville B. Cox to that field. Thus began our work in Africa. The new missionary soon fell, but his eye had surveyed from the coast a vast continent, populated by uncounted millions, as imbruted and miserable as human beings can be; and his last words were, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up." Those dying words have ever since been reverberating through the Church, and she has never dared to forsake her trust.

Strictly speaking, we had, as yet, no foreign mission. The Indians were too near to us to be called foreign, and Liberia was as if a part of our own land. There was an unsatisfied yearning of the Church for a broader field. This found expression in various ways, most distinctly in the mellifluous tones of Fisk, and the sturdy eloquence of Olin. The plea of the latter for foreign missions, published in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, at the period, is one of the world's famous papers on missions. At length, gifts of unparalleled liberality were offered, for the express purpose of establishing a mission in China. This empire was supposed to contain one-third of the population of the globe. Hitherto it had been walled in from all intrusion, but was now being opened to the world. Four ports had become free to foreigners. You could not stay fervent hearts from entering there, with the salvation of the blessed Jesus. So we went to China. It might be almost said we were driven to enter it. At so late a day as this, namely, in 1848, we date our first really foreign mission.

Next, we were called to India. Most of the strong denominations were already in this field. But the north-west provinces were yet unoccupied, except by a single weak missionary organization. There was a feeling in the general Church that we should enter this reserved field. A land with a population ten times as numerous as that of the United States, and the key to all the Orient, was a tempting field. The European residents

of India promised, if we would come, to give, in cash, one-half of the cost of a residence for every missionary sent. We went, and thousands will bless God to all eternity for our coming.

Bulgaria, though yet a small mission, seemed at the beginning, and still seems, a wide and open door. Dr. Durbin thus recites its origin:

"Four millions of Sclavonians live in Bulgaria, in European Turkey, a country bounded by the Danube, the Balkan Mountains, and the Black Sea. They observe the rites of the Greek Church, but have been for years dissatisfied with its government, and hence have urged the American Board to extend their mission to them from Constantinople. This it could not do for the want of men and means, and therefore it informally applied to the Methodist Board to send a mission to Bulgaria. Upon careful inquiry, we found the people resolutely determined to emancipate themselves from the imperious authority of the Greek Church. They were beginning to feel the impulse of investigation and freer thought, which point to a higher civilization and greater freedom. It was ascertained that these longings for religious liberty sympathized strongly with the powerful Protestant element in Hungary, which lies near at hand, and, through Hungary, with the scattered fragments of Protestantism in Southern Russia." A Protestant mission was needed, to give encouragement, instruction, and advice to these disjointed and distracted elements of Protestantism. Under these circumstances, our General Missionary Committee authorized the mission; and, in 1857, brothers Prettyman and Long were sent, and are preaching to the people in their own language, and instructing and guiding them informally in their efforts to attain to religious freedom and a pure religious experience.

"In the mean time, well-defined rumors reached us that there was a remarkable people in the city of Tulcha, near the Black Sea, who were Protestants, as to the doctrines and worship of the Greek

Church. This reminded us of the Rev. W. F. Flocken, one of our German missionaries in America, who was born in the south of Russia, and spoke the language of these strange people. We sent him quickly to Tulcha, with instructions to examine and report to us.

"*Molakans* is the popular name of these people, because they live chiefly on milk. Brother Flocken's account is in substance as follows: They reject the ritual of the Greek Church, and all pictures in churches; are simple and earnest in their worship, which is always in private houses, and very much secluded, as the Government of Russia is hostile to them. It is on this account a small portion of them have removed to Turkey. Brother Flocken has endeavored to ascertain the religious origin of this remarkable people, and the account they give of themselves is, that, about ninety years ago, two respectable persons, a gentleman and lady, were attached to the Russian embassy in London. While residing there, they became acquainted with a people who worshiped God in private houses, did not use the ritual, prayed extemporaneously, sung with great freedom and spirit, and rejected all pomp and ceremony in their service; were of grave and honest deportment, and given to industry, frugality, and benevolence; that their intercourse with these people so impressed them that, when they returned to Russia, they spread their own religious views and experience among the people, until now they say *more than five millions of people in the south of Russia and in the adjoining provinces of Turkey belong to their association*. There is a regular organization among them. Their chief resides in Russia, and subordinate chiefs in other subordinate cities. Some of them, Brother Flocken says, are *truly converted*.

"Now the question is, Who were these people whom these two Russians found in London, say ninety years ago? There can be but one answer, and that is, *The Methodists*. Here, then, we have a people in Bulgaria and the south of Europe

Vol. XXXV.—29*

raised up and prepared by the early Methodists in England to receive the Gospel at the hands of our mission. And we have a missionary born in the south of Russia, and speaking the Russian language, as also the German and French, and sent by Providence to America to be converted and prepared to return to this remarkable people, and offer to them the pure evangelical religion. Is not the hand of God in this? Brother Flocken is in daily communication with these interesting people, has a large school among them, attends their meetings, and answers their inquiries, and explains the Scriptures to them. They, having received religious information, transmit it to their chief communities in South Russia; and thus our Bulgarian mission is operating effectually in Russia as well as in Bulgaria. Returning from a recent visit to Odessa, in Russia, Brother Flocken advises us of a wide-spread and deep desire of the German colonies in that vicinity to have our mission extend to them, and that they are ready to support it. Thus acting directly upon Russia, and co-operating with the Protestant element in Hungary, our mission is an essential agency for the restoration and extension of Protestantism in South-eastern Europe. Will our pastors and people comprehend the true significance of this young mission in European Turkey, and by their generous contributions to the treasury justify the bishop in sending forward a master spirit to take the superintendence of this difficult and delicate mission, as authorized by the General Missionary Committee? Let the Church think of the reviving empire of Protestantism in South-eastern Europe, at which this mission aims."

Did space allow, the same divine finger can be discovered pointing to each door that has been opened by the Methodist Church for labor in foreign lands. Our missions in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, are but echoes amid the hills of the Father-land, echoes of halleluiahs raised on our own shores. Mexico is "our next-door neigh-

bor," and we could not pass her by when she had proclaimed a republic in the land of oppression and cruelty, and freedom to worship God where the Inquisition had held high carnival. Japan was everywhere seeking a new civilization, which she could only have by putting on the Lord Jesus. She will be the next of the nations to swell the triumphal train of the adorable Son as he is marching on to the conquest of the world. Italy, beautiful Italy—we were called to her a quarter of a century ago; for Dr. Elliott's voice was the voice of God. We went late, went doubting and fearing; but God, by his signal blessing, has set his seal to the work. We never meant to establish a mission in South America. We simply sent a chaplain to American and English residents, who paid his salary. But

a false faith was all around us, and we now have a Spanish mission in the Argentine and Oriental Republics, which, though unappreciated as yet, is of great significance, and may yet shake the continent. It seems at each advance as if we had waited till the very last moment; till God commanded; till he not only opened the door, but forced us to enter it. Even at this rate, it has taxed us sorely to keep abreast with God. If we only would follow him, what a triumphal march over the earth he would lead us! How all crescents and stars would pale before his rising! How Buddha and Brahma and Confucius and Zoroaster would bow down at his feet! How nations would be born in a day instead of one in a generation! "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen and amen." JOHN M. REID.

FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL, IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

ALL people—those who claim to be *human*, at least—when they "just drop in" for a social chat, invoke the perennial fountain topic of the *weather*; and yet there are some cynical beings who presume to ridicule a tendency which is clearly a part of human nature. Let me affirm, decidedly, however, that I am not of the number. That which so affects our bodies, and, through them, our souls,—that which makes some of us, who are real spiritual barometers, gay or sad, as sun shines or rain falls, is not a matter of trivial importance. Simply glance over—in mind of course—the long reach of poetry and prose fiction. It rises behind you like a richly varied landscape. But what of that, were it not for the skies of gray or gold that gloom or glow above? Are not descriptions of scenery inwoven with the moods and tenses of the weather? Is not the heroine's grief heightened by hinting of strange contrasts,—out-door brightness

and soul-darkness,—or by a whisper concerning winds that plain in unison with it? But you know all this as well as I. Let me add to your knowledge only one query as a reminder. Did you ever read a sweeter song of sunny weather than Longfellow's "Day of Sunshine?" The rhythm pulses through my brain this morning as I try to vindicate the right of people to descant on daily clouds and sunbeams:

"O gift of God, O perfect day,
On which should no man work, but play."

So, with an invocation to this bright May-day, whose fairies are hard at work on the grim hills about us, I claim full license to ring changes on the "Beauties of Spring," as well as on the "Lights and Shades of Life." Appearances really began to indicate that Spring, in wayward calculations, had left our Hokaido, or Yesso, a prey to chilling wind, rain, and snow. Our northern island seemed like a veritable, feminine "Lear," with

the difference that *this* Lear, mocked of foul weather and false friends, stood inside the home threshold. She could not well do otherwise, seeing that if she were to step outside the Japan empire, she would have to "go to sea." Her Wintry trials, however, are ended. She is still despised by proud Southern Japanese, who refuse to become pioneers upon her waiting soil. But that is nothing new. We are used to being considered as the fag end of Japanese creation, and only feel a vague indignation when our so-called frozen region is maligned. The truth is that our Winters are milder than those of the Eastern and Middle States at home, and that our bracing climate is more healthful than the much-vaunted "Summer Isles," farther south. They are (forgive, O poets) a considerable remove from perpetual Spring. They make paltry attempts at the old-fashioned snow-storm in Winter, and, when they fail, send abroad chilling winds as a just atonement. Suppose Yokohama has skies of marvelous blue and golden sunshine in December, who does not prefer a sparkling snow to Summer-like sunbeams deceitfully hiding bits of frost under their folds.

To return to the superb weather now meting out compensation for the long-drawn-out Winter. A wave of balmy air has swept across the mountain just behind us, leaving great beds of violets and anemones stranded among the mosses and ferns at its base, over which tall cedar groves keep guard. The violets have scarce one hint of perfume; but the anemones are larger than those I used to "analyze" in old-time Botany days. They are mostly pure white, though some deepen into a faint rosy tint, that makes me think of *blossoming sea-shells*. Later, lilies of the valley, that grow wild over acres of ground, will call out all lovers of fragrance. But I am content with the present. Could all days bless us as do these May-days, no sweeter boon needs mortal ask.

The scenery surrounding this far-off city has been often described; but its

beauty is worthy of many chroniclings. Few maps show this island as it really is. Hakodate is *not* on the very verge of toppling into the Straits of Sangar, which roll between it and Nippon Island. Mountains face the straits, and I dare not say they "tower to heaven," for they do no such thing. The highest can not reach more than thirteen hundred feet. Neither are they covered with "dense, shady groves," which it would be poetically proper to state. They are clothed with an abundance of shrubs, many of them a mass of bloom in Summer; but there are few trees worthy the name save at the foot, and *these* were planted by some wise craft which civilized people may well imitate. We hide behind the guardian mountains. The straits curve entirely around them, and finally indent the land with a broad bay, so that we have but a slender connecting link with the main island; for the great ocean sweeps on the other side of our plot of ground. Great hills rise in wavy, purple lines, away on the main island. The sharp-peaked volcano, which is one of them, is just far enough off to seem a silver-white spire in Winter days, and in Summer sunsets one involuntarily thinks of the "New Jerusalem, descending from God out of heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband." It is then a glory hung between earth and heaven.

My thought goes wandering along the road that leads to it to-day. I walk the bordering fields starred with golden lilies, and, farther on, see vine-wreathed trees, our northern home trees, with the magnolia to hint of more southern climes. Still further on, I see magnificent wayside "ferneries," or clusters of wild-roses, that rain perfumes, telling us that all Japanese flowers have not forgotten their odor-bearing mission, spite of assertions to the contrary. Be silent, all lips that say, "Birds without melody, flowers without fragrance." The "*unguisu*," or Japan nightingale, has her throne in the green wood, and her scepter is song. And who would not say the cuckoo's note is music, since it foretokens the

coming reign of Queen Summer? Across the curving road, volcano-ward, baby rivers flash and foam, and still lakes rest my eyes. Now my truant mind waits at his feet. How his angry mood vents itself in spiteful jets of steam! and yet that little village nestles under his shadow, as though he might be its protecting genius. A wide bay rolls in, as if to claim Sir Mountain as its prey. One must cross this "briny flood," in order to reach Satspoora, the capital, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, its foreign houses, and its ambitious hopes. As even the eye of Fancy would be blinded by one glimpse of the myriad-colored dwellings, it seems prudent to remember my whereabouts. Take note that the Japanese idea of foreign, artistic grace is to daub one's house with as many hues as the laws of Nature permit to exist. In this sunny atmosphere, bringing wayward fancies home, "let us talk about our neighbors." Verily, our lot is cast according to clerical affinities. Romish priests have planted a home among those cedars below us, and on our right the tower of a Greek chapel is anchored in a sea of verdure. Among the clustering shrubs on the hill-side, close by, are our stone friends, calm people, who are never in a hurry; I mean those thirty-three images of the goddess Kuwan-non, that rise here and there. She is an exotic, an Indian divinity; and at the grand feast celebrating Buddha's birthday, her patient devotees, by thousands, throng the mountain. And then, O devout one, if thou shouldst be blind, or sorely afflicted in other fashion, earnestly praying, place a little vessel of water before her shrine, go thy way for a season, and then, returning, use those drops, now divinely gifted, and thy infirmity shall be healed. Such is Buddhist superstition.

Barring superstitious nonsense, however, I feel a tender interest in Kuwan-non, for is she not the Goddess of Mercy? Besides, she has a comely face and a romantic history. If the reader, courteous and kind, will only give heed

to that last, my pen, to speak in metaphor, shall speedily spread a huge blot over this out-of-the-way work of creation. My figure is mixed hopelessly; but you understand that you are soon to be left to the sweetness of your own reflections.

"Once on a time," there lived a "poor but honest" fisherman and his good wife, on the banks of a sacred stream in India. Spending their days in the virtuous employment of catching and selling the sea-faring tribe, life glided on smoothly and happily. Erelong, however, its peaceful current was disturbed by a startling event. A daughter of exceeding virtue and loveliness was born to them. How, in her tenderest years, the various virtues were exhibited, is not explicitly stated; but I have faith to believe that her home seldom resounded with the wails of infant woe, and that whooping-cough was unknown. Be this as it may, years, as they advanced, only brought new grace to her outer form, and new beauty to her soul; for, though her parents did not know it, you and I must be aware that the spirit of great Buddha had been born in her. As she grew to womanhood, even the homely occupation of fish-vendor could not obscure the dignity of her mien or the luster of her dark eyes. True, her long, black tresses, were not adorned with golden campac leaves, such as the poets loved to paint when "touching up" the head of an Indian beauty; nor were her limbs robed in the delicate muslins for which her land is so famous. In spite of these drawbacks, which all women know to be dismal ones, a rich man, beholding, loved her. I wish truth would allow me to state that "they were married, and lived happily to the end of their days;" but, unfortunately, implacable Fate had it otherwise. Being a goddess, she, of course, could not mate with mortal man; but, feeling compassion for her ardent suitor, she resorted to one of those grand strategic movements, for which her sex, human and divine, are justly renowned. She set the luckless lover the pious task of transcribing the

sacred books, and, seeing no other way for his wooing, he consented. Seven years, or perhaps it was ten (what mattered time to this Hindoo Jacob?), were spent in this dreary but blessed employment. At the end of his pious duties he very properly claimed the fulfillment of her promise of marriage. It is to be imagined that the wedding-cake was done, or, if that compound of indigestible civilization was unknown, that some equally wholesome dainty was prepared. At any rate, the arrangements were completed, the guests assembled, and the wedding festivities went gayly on. But, alas! just as the ceremonies were ended, the beautiful bride fell prostrate. Terror seized the bridegroom's heart. It was no swoon, such as would become a modern bride of delicate nerves. Death had wooed and won the fair one, robed in her wedding garments,—so an unbeliever

would say,—but you and I know that she only doffed her garb of flesh to resume her divine mode of being, and to reign for ever a goddess of tender compassion toward all who seek her aid.

Such is the story of Kuwan-non, the beautiful. Much as I like the bonny lady, however, my heart goes out in sympathy toward her hapless victim. Nobody seems to think much about *his* fate. Fancy your feelings, young men of America, if after having copied "Webster Unabridged," and the Constitution of the United States, your promised bride should desert you just as you claimed her as your own. Be warned in time, and keep at a safe distance from goddesses, and all creatures of "angelic mold."

Kind readers, one and all, let us drop a tear or two, yea, more, if possible, to the memory of this defrauded bridegroom.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

ATLANTIS.

THE Atlantic Ocean is supposed to have derived its name from an ancient continent or island, which was submerged and lost beneath its waters.

The shallowest part of the Atlantic is in what the Portuguese call the Mer-de-Sargasso, or "weedy sea." This vast waste, extending from the thirtieth meridian to the West Indies, and between the parallels of 30° W. and 19° N., is in many portions densely covered with gulf-weed. The Azores in the east, and the Bahamas in the west, appear to mark its limit. In this shallow plateau of the Atlantic bed, the ancients, searching for the long-lost island, encountered such quantities of weed as to thwart further research; and, to-day, the sailing vessel, unluckily driven into the Sargasso Sea, experiences much difficulty in extricating itself from the dense mass of floating timber and sea-weed. And the sight of this strange spectacle, in the midst

of the ocean, revives in the mind of the beholder the story of the long-lost Atlantis; and this weedy sea, undisturbed by ocean currents, ever circling about its lonely haunt, over the grave of a buried continent, appears ever solemnizing the funeral rites of an untimely burial, or garlanding its calm and undisturbed sepulcher.

But is this story of the long-lost Atlantis a myth, or a well-authenticated fact? The Atlantides, or the Atlantic race, spoken of by ancient authorities, flourished in the first centuries of the post-diluvian world. The best authority on American antiquities—the man who has studied the writings, traditions, and monuments left by this race more thoroughly than any other—is Brosseur-de-Bousbourg. He claims that, in the old Central American books, there are constant references made to a series of catastrophes, which culminated in the

utter destruction of the land and the people.

When the Spaniards first became acquainted with the inhabitants of Central America, they found every-where the traditions of this dire calamity, which overtook kings and people in the midst of their various pursuits. Some of the inhabitants are said to have escaped in ships, some to the high mountains, and some to the adjacent continents. Quotations are also made from old Central American books, verifying these traditions. As, for example: "The land was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fire to overwhelm and engulf it."

The memory of this remarkable event has also been preserved by the Central Americans in their festivals,—one of which was celebrated in the month of Izcalli, which was instituted solely to commemorate the time of this frightful dispensation; and in this feast the people "humbled themselves before the divinity, and besought him to withhold the return of such terrible calamities."

Passing over from the New to the Old World, we find mention is made by many of the old authors, such as Solon, Plato, and the learned priests of Egypt, of the lost island of Atlantis. Traditions of the "Islands of the Blessed" came down through Greek sources; for Solon knew of Atlantis before he visited Egypt. But in this, as in all other matters, the comparatively modern civilizations of Solon and Lycurgus, in Greece, were indebted chiefly to the older nations for their laws, institutions, and learning. Egypt was the more immediate fountain whence the early Greek philosophers drew their inspiration.

The first voyage of Solon, says Plutarch, after he had finished his code of laws for Attica, was to Egypt. There he conversed upon points of philosophy with Psenophis, the Heliopolitan, and Senchis, the Saite, the most learned of the Egyptian priests; and having an accurate account from them of the Atlantic islands (as Plato informs us), he

attempted to describe it to the Grecians in a poem.

Cousin's translation of Plato's records of Solon's Egyptian story is cited by Abbé Brosseur-de-Bourbourg as follows:

"Among the great deeds of Athens, of which recollection is preserved in our books, there is one which should be placed above all others. Our books tell that the Athenians destroyed an army which came across the Atlantic sea, and insolently invaded Europe and Asia; for this sea was then navigable, and, beyond the strait, where you place the pillars of Hercules, there was an island larger than Asia (Minor) and Libya combined. From this island one could pass easily to the other islands, and from there to the continent, which lies around the interior. The sea on this side of the Strait (the Mediterranean) of which we speak, resembles a harbor with a narrow entrance; but there is a genuine sea, and the land which surrounds it is a veritable continent. In the island of Atlantis reigned three kings, with great and marvelous power. They had under their dominion the whole of Atlantis, several other islands, and some parts of the continent. At one time their power extended into Lydia, and into Europe as far as Tyrhænia; and, uniting their whole force, they sought to destroy our countries at a blow; but their defeat stopped the invasion, and gave entire independence to all the countries on this side the 'Pillars of Hercules.' Afterward, in one day, and one fatal night, there came mighty earthquakes and inundations, which engulfed that warlike people. Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea, and there that sea became inaccessible, so that navigation on it ceased, on account of the quantities of mud which the engulfed island left in its place.

"The oldest, greatest, and most splendid festival celebrated in Attica was that of Panathenæa, established by Erichthonius, in the most ancient times, to commemorate the victory of the Athenians over the ravaging giants of Atlantis. In some of the islands outside of the

Pillars of Hercules, the inhabitants, says Proclus, "preserved from their ancestors a remembrance of Atlantis, an exceedingly large island, which for a long time held dominion over all the islands of the Atlantic Ocean."

Bourbourg quotes M. Charles Martin, who said in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for March, 1867: "Now hydrography, geology, and botany agree in teaching us that the Azores, Canaries, and Madeira are the remains of a great continent, which formerly united Europe to North America."

Venus, which so resembles our earth in size, and in daily and yearly revolution, when seen through the telescope, appears to be diversified by land and water in a manner strikingly similar to our own planet. We see reproduced, in Venus, an almost sister-world, where continent accords with continent; save that in Venus longitudinal sections of land connect the hemispheres, while on our own earth these corresponding bodies of land are slightly submerged beneath the ocean.

It is evident from ancient records and from scientific research, that the free distribution of the animal kingdom, ferried over the abyss of waters from a lost world, and turned at large in the Armenian Mountains, calls for an open and uninterrupted land communication to the most remote clime. The time when the first separation of our continent took place is recorded in Genesis, where it is said that in the days of Peleg (one hundred years after the Flood) was "the earth divided." That this division of the earth does not refer to the dispersion of mankind, is evident from the fact, that when the dispersion took place, and when the Most High separated the sons of Adam, he divided the nations their inheritance, and he set beforehand, as appointed, the bounds of their habitation. One hundred years after the Flood, the fifteen hundred inhabitants on the earth could not be regarded as sufficiently numerous to be securely scattered "over the whole earth," as was the

case at the actual date of the dispersion, when the people were numbered by the millions, and when the primeval knowledge, wisdom, and purity, handed down from the golden age, had been committed to the chosen custodians of the various tribes and nations.

But what caused this so great division of the earth so soon after the Flood and the mighty convulsions? By many the Flood is supposed to have been caused by a change of the axis of the earth. Lubbock says that his father, Sir John Lubbock, and many other able astronomers, were of the opinion that the Deluge might have been caused by a change being effected in the axis of the earth; and this theory appears to be verified by Chinese history.

The Chinese speak of a "first heaven," an age of innocence, when "the whole creation enjoyed a state of happiness; when every thing was beautiful, every thing was good; all beings were perfect, in their kind, whereto succeeded a second heaven, introduced by a great convulsion. The pillars of heaven were broken; the earth shook to its foundations; the heavens sunk lower toward the north; the sun, the moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces; and the waters, inclosed within its bosom, burst forth with violence, and overflowed it. Man having rebelled against heaven, the system of the universe was totally disordered; the sun was eclipsed, the planets altered their courses, and the grand harmony of nature was disturbed."

Such phenomena as are here described could only take place when the earth was changing its poles. The equatorial diameter being twenty-six miles greater than the polar, any change of the axis of the earth changes also the position of the seas that pile up about the region of the equator; so that, where once had been dry land, sea would appear. If a change of ninety degrees were suddenly effected in the poles of the earth, a column of water thirteen miles high would sweep over the land, moving before it, not only any detached substances, but tearing from

their secure foundations, and grinding to sand the firm-set granite hills. But a gradual change of twenty or thirty degrees, while it would deluge the world with water, and redistribute nearly all movable rocks and loose earths, would not be attended with so tremendous a wreck of matter as in the former case.

The pressure of water gathered round

the new equator, on the crust of the earth's surface, doubtless produced the changes in the configuration of the earth's surface, spoken of by Moses, as occurring in the time of Peleg, and of the further catastrophe which overtook the unhappy inhabitants, who dwelt in the fair and fabled land of Atlantis.

JOHN BUDLONG.

THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

THE pathways of thy land are little changed
Since thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the garden o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,—
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er thee;
Peasants go home at evening up the hill
To Bethany.

And as, when gazing, thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height,
The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewn with garments once and palm,
Which we tread thus;
Here through thy triumph on thou passedst, calm,
On to thy cross.

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chiseled on the hill-side evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering land,
Nor time effaced;
Where thy feet trod to bless we still may stand,—
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of London, has just given to the world quite an interesting work, entitled, "Womankind in Western Europe," in which he started with the purpose of delineating the position, character, and disposition of the women of this portion of Europe; but he soon found that his field was so extensive that he needed to confine himself to the women of Gaul and Britain. He has given a very true and attractive picture, notwithstanding all its blemishes, of the influential life of women during the feudal period. With active sympathy, he follows the varied and busy life of the woman in the castle and at the tournament, where so much deference and honor were always paid to the female sex. From her hand the victor receives the wreath that crowns his brow, and her court sits in judgment on his affections. At this period she is clearly the equal of man, and in many respects, she stands even higher than he. It was she, in the Middle Ages, much more often than her consort, whose hand wielded the pen and prepared the manuscript, because the occupations of the men, at the tournament, the chase, and the battle, absorbed all their time. But she, at times, also entered the arena of the chase, and it is said that the first work in the English language devoted to hunting was from the pen of a woman. Indeed, at all periods when literature flourished at all, the name of woman held a high place. The first authoress in Europe, of whom it is known that she lived by her pen, was the poetess Christine de Pisan. She entered the lists against Menney, the completer of the "Romance of the Rose," whose caustic pen had spoken with satire and contempt of the literary abilities of the fair sex. This first literary lady of her period defended the honor of woman with great zeal in an

epistle to the god of love, which is considered one of the most successful efforts of the day. She gives, in rounded periods, an attractive tableau of the women of the time, and their share in the development of the epoch. The deference of the Gauls and the Germans for woman is clearly seen in the positions which they accord to her as priestess, with the power of divining the future. The condition of woman among the Anglo-Saxons is largely owing to the fact that women were cultivated and intelligent, as is clearly proved by the correspondence of ladies with the apostle of the Saxons. From its contents we may draw a very favorable conclusion as to female culture at this early age. The third division of Mr. Wright's story is not so flattering, because it is so largely occupied with the matter of dress and national costume, for it is rather a history of the changes of external adornment than of internal culture. During the later period, the transition in the costume of the female sex continues to mark, with sufficient distinctness, the contemporary variations in the character of society and national sentiment, so that this development of costume excludes the growth of the inner and deeper life. Still, it must be said that the author follows his purpose with unusual zeal, and succeeds in making out his case, which is to prove that woman has not always been degraded in the history of the world, and has, more frequently than is generally supposed, been the peer or the superior of the stronger sex.

THE Germans are having a great deal of trouble in reorganizing the educational institutions in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, especially in the matter of higher female education, from the fact that this has

been so exclusively in the hands of the nuns. It has become to be almost a tradition in France, that the young ladies are to be educated in the convents; and these are numbered by the thousands, while the "sisters" engaged as teachers and guides are counted by the tens of thousands. Most of these nuns are allowed to teach without any diploma of teaching capacity, so that their merits are measured by their religious zeal much more than by their culture and intelligence. The result of this state of things is the indisputable fact that, in the most refined families, there is the greatest ignorance to be found among the daughters,—simplicity the French call it, though they have for it the euphemism of *naïveté*. This tendency extends as far as does the influence of the family. The female portion of the household never escapes from this circle. The boy is thus subjected to a double influence, that of bigotry in the house, with the observance of the most painfully complicated ceremonial, and, in his academic life, to a certain species of skeptical liberalism. The passionate period of youth favors the growth of this element, and therefore engenders a troublesome contrast between public and private life. The certainty and security of conviction, in many important things, is lost, while the custom of indifference grows, and the dilemma is settled with a smile or a shrug of the shoulders. This is now the condition of things in the province of Alsace especially,—by the side of great ignorance, a religious fanaticism, which often terrifies the intelligent and the tolerant. A very significant portion of female instruction is in the hands of the "sisters." In the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, there are over two thousand of these zealous ladies to a population of a million and a quarter of Catholics. Of these, scarcely a score have a certificate of capacity to teach. These are the teachers in the elementary schools, and the higher boarding-schools and convents. Nearly all of these belong to some peculiar sisterhood, for which they are always making propaganda, and their teaching capacity is generally graded by the success with which they make converts to their order. As long as these ladies are exerting so much influence, it is quite impossible to bring up a race of girls loyal to their coun-

try, or of mothers who will rightly train their sons. The Government has, therefore, resolved to make a very radical change in the educational forces of these conquered provinces, that they may not ever remain in a state of insubordination from the influence of false teachers; and therefore these "sisters" are being interfered with in a way which they of course do not like. The State is undertaking to have a hand in the organization and control of all the institutions of learning, elementary and advanced, and very especially in those wherein nearly all the daughters of the wealthier classes are educated. The simple demands made are, that these schools shall teach something else beside the dogmas and flummeries of the Catholic religion; and, very especially, that they shall not teach systematic rebellion against the State, nor enroll the children of the schools into all sorts of fraternities, for the express purpose of retaining them in the hands of these teachers when they have left the schools.

THE German people are enthusiastically fond of their traditional literature in the line of fairy story, and the love of it is evidently growing among other nations. The reason of this is doubtless its sympathy with human nature, and the cosmopolitan character of the literature. All the realms of nature assemble to enrich its pages,—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and the human realms commingle and speak with one another. This fairy literature tells of the origin of national existence, and depicts the golden age of nations, when these were yet children; so that it is in reality the poetry of childhood, or of adults who still have the happy faculty of enjoying childish things. Miracle becomes law, and the laws become supernatural. Every possibility has become a reality, all barriers have fallen, and all dividing lines have disappeared, or been extended. The most perfect literature of this kind is found in the stories of the brothers Grimm, in Goethe and Jean Paul; for the glorious dreams of the latter are nothing but perfect fairy tales. Even such authors as Tieck and Novalis have created gardens of the most charming stories, fragrant with all that can attract childhood, and those who love to live over again their

youthful day-dreams. This species of literature is passing rapidly over into France, England, Denmark, Russia, and America, by translations more or less perfect and genial; though the real essence of these admirable tales can never be enjoyed in any translation so well as in the original. A new star has arisen in this firmament, in the person of a lovely authoress bearing the name of Marie Hanstein, who has written a "Book of Tales for Riper Youth." She exhibits a thoughtfulness and depth and phantasy of invention, and a harmony of speech, which richly prove that she has not mistaken her calling; and we therefore welcome her to a sphere and an audience which have been nearly always entertained by the masculine powers of literature. There are four of these tales, all conveying a moral with more point than such productions usually receive. "The Little Daughter of the Giantess" is a story short and sweet, of ineffable charm and great depth of significance. The authoress takes a peculiar theme and shades it with all grace. It is the manifest destiny of nature which is here presented, with a delicacy of soul that is very faithful to the human heart, and a perfect picture of child-life. Children often yield to a certain wantonness because they have not the least conception of the earnest side of life. They find a pleasure in giving others trouble, though in all innocence, and delight in trick and cunning because they know not the difference between the good and the bad. And thus it is with the little daughter of the giantess. She is grown up and still she is a child, with a child-like tendency to do the wrong because she does not know the right. She is more than busy with all the elements of nature, and deals with stones and water, flames and air and storms. These are all her willing servants. The stones she rolls into the brook and thus stops the miller's wheel, though she meant thereby merely to clear the shepherd's pastures of the rocks; and thus she is ever doing good deeds with doubtful results. But in time she learns, and turns out to be a good angel in the end. There are so many useful morals

conveyed by these stories of Marie Hanstein that they are capable of becoming of permanent value to child-literature; and we therefore learn with pleasure that they are likely to be translated into the English idiom for the use of the little ones of "merry England" and serious America.

THE ladies of the Father-land have gone crazy on the train, and drag it about in such unseemly places that husbands and fathers are scolding and protesting against the nuisance in the public prints. From various cities come the complaints about this inconvenient extravagance, and in the gay capital of Vienna the leading journals are carrying on the contest for the injured parties. One of these complaining correspondents signs himself an old staff-officer, and utters his lamentations with no special regard to gallantry. To him a gruff old captain replies as follows: "Are you married? If so, then keep your wife and daughters so far in order that they do not sweep the street with their trains, nor cut off one's view at public places by pyramids of hats or hair. I do not permit my wife and daughters to wear trains in the street or lofty hats at theater or concert. Do you likewise." This confidential dialogue between two military cronies called forth the liveliest protests and a storm of wrath on the part of the fair ones who consider themselves insulted by this imperious tone, which never heard of the emancipation of the sex from the tyranny of its protectors. One young lady stepped into the arena for the universal rights of the race, and boldly declared that she would never marry a man who should dictate her toilet, or, if he did, she would not mind the "old sore-head." The end of this war against trains in Vienna will be probably just what the same contests end in every-where. Foolish women will sweep the streets with them as long as they please, and when they are satisfied, they will gather up their costly stuffs, and wear them out in some other foolish or uncomfortable way. The great trouble is that so many sensible women will imitate them under the behests of fashion.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DR. HOYT, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, thus sensibly speaks upon the subject of coeducation: "Some of the influential journals of the country are advocating the higher education of young women, even to the extent of giving them just as good and just such a training as the young men get, 'if they wish it.' But, then, they are not in favor of 'coeducation, and all that.' On the contrary, we are decidedly in favor of opening any and every college in the land to any reputable and properly prepared young woman who wishes to enjoy its privileges. We would none the less retain the existing 'colleges for women,' and improve them to the utmost. And of such institutions we should make the demand that, while they pay no less attention than heretofore to thoroughness and exactness of scholarship, they give a hundred-fold more attention to a vastly more important but greatly neglected duty,—the development of true womanhood,—noble, cultured, Christian womanhood."

Dr. Bugbee, on his accession to the Presidency of Alleghany College, said, on this same topic: "I am in favor of coeducation, if the conditions necessary to its success are met; if trustees and instructors, understanding all the needs of the case, will set themselves resolutely to meet the demands; and the demands are: first, a home provided with all sanitary and healthful appliances; second, such motherly care instituted as is essential to them in their absence from their own homes; third, such adaptation of their labors and duties as will not unduly strain and exhaust their nervous systems."

—Rev. Newman Hall has begun the practice of preaching a sermon every Sunday morning to children. This children's sermon does not interfere with the principal sermon of the day, and is about ten or twelve minutes in length. This is as it should be, for "the preaching that is most needed now, is that which will win and bless the children. Let the Philistines, the Jews, and the Pharisees have furlough from the pulpit for a while. Here are the rising youths of our

homes in peril of the destroyer. The enemy of souls is striking in the dark at their very hearts. To the rescue with the Gospel armor!"

—Two ladies were graduated with the degree of B. S. at the late Commencement of Syracuse University.

—Two ladies have been chosen on the school committee of Nantucket, one of them, Mrs. Judith J. (Derrick) Fish, a graduate of the Bridgewater Normal School.

—Miss Finch, a graduate of the Chicago Medical School, is practicing her profession at Fort Ann, New York, with flattering success.

—The first woman ever sworn as a notary public in Vermont is Miss Thyrsa F. Pangborn, for some years past recorder in the probate office of Chittenden County.

—Miss Carrie S. Burnham, having been refused an examination for admission to the Pennsylvania bar, has sued the Board for \$200,000 damages.

—Eight ladies recently passed the examination in Greek, Latin, English, German, and History, for admission to Harvard College.

—The trustees of the State Institution of the Blind, at Batavia, New York, recently elected Mrs. Dr. Lord to the superintendency of the institution, in place of her deceased husband.

—After several years of hesitation, the Albany County, New York, Medical Society has asserted the propriety of the practice of medicine by women by admitting Miss Mary Du Bois, M. D., to full membership of their organization.

—Two New Haven ladies redeemed the reputation of their sex by presence of mind in a White Mountain stage accident the other day. The breakage of a piece of harness put the vehicle in peril of instant precipitation down an abyss, but, at the vehement call of the driver, instead of fainting away, jumped out and blocked the wheels.

— Of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

— Michigan University has just graduated twelve ladies, ten of them medical, and two law, students.

— Leland University, New Orleans, is a Baptist institution for the education of colored people. Quite a number of the students are women, some of whom walk ten miles, daily, to attend school.

— Miss Lathrop's management of the Cincinnati Normal School is said to be admirable. Her re-election, without a dissenting vote, shows that her fellow-citizens can appreciate the right person in the right place, even though it be a woman.

— One of the most thoroughly finished and complete school-houses in the United States is that in Washington City, named in honor of Charles Sumner. It is a colored school, and has one hundred pupils. A colored lady, who was educated in Boston, is principal.

— A Sacramento speaker says, "The great want of the Church is men." He might have added, "and women." He was right; and the way to get men and women for the Church is to train up children of the Sabbath-schools in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

— Dr. Bugbee, speaking of the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, says, that "throughout the history of the college there has not been a single suspension or expulsion," (where is the male college that can show as clean a record?) "neither has there been a death, and but one case of severe sickness."

— The "Faith Training College," of Boston, was recently dedicated. Its design is, "to train those unable to pursue a thorough course of study in the various denominational seminaries, but who desire to fit themselves for the widest efficiency as lay workers (male and female) in Sunday-school instruction, exhortative Bible exposition, lay-preaching, home and foreign missionary labor," etc. The course of study will comprise only those subjects most necessary to be known by Christian workers who have no time to acquire a knowledge of the original tongues in which the Bible was written.

— Maine claims to have been the first State to allow women to solemnize marriages.

— The recent labors of Mrs. Van Cott, in Charles City, Iowa, have been very successful.

— Many of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody's friends recently celebrated with her her seventieth birthday, at Cambridge.

— In Nashville, Tennessee, as well as in California, no difference is made in the salaries of teachers on account of sex.

— At Asbury University, the recent graduates were thirty-four in number, four of them being young ladies, one of whom carried off the first honor.

— The fiftieth anniversary of Mrs. Tevis's Science Hill Female Academy, Shelbyville, Kentucky, was celebrated with great eclat, March 25th.

— President Seelye does not believe in the inferior ability of women, or that Greek and Latin are too severe for their mental training.

— A Philadelphia paper says that, according to a careful estimate, that city furnishes employment to not less than sixty thousand women, exclusive of those engaged in domestic service.

— Miss Jennie Jones, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, has offered to give Garland County, in that State, ground for the erection of a jail, and fifty lots to pay the expenses of building.

— The young ladies of Rockford, Illinois, have formed a "co-operative self escorting church and party-going society," the object of which is to make the young man of the period more useless than ever.

— The vexed question of the authorship of the Saxe Holm stories is settled. Saxe Holm is a lady, accomplished, unmarried, and on the sunny side of forty years. Her name is quaint and Quaker-like—Ruth Ellis—and her home in a small village in Central New York.

— They say that Miss Evans, the author of "Beulah," has promised her husband (she is now Mrs. Wilson) to write no more, and that she has realized \$30,000 by her pen. Mr. Wilson deserves the thanks of all lovers of good literature for the extraction of the promise.

ART NOTES.

LETTER FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, August, 1875.

THE noble liberality of a lady of our Church has brought us to this great city, on a book-purchasing errand. Sailing from New York, by the "Anchor Line," in ten days we were safely landed in Glasgow, having enjoyed a voyage of remarkable tranquillity, and a company of passengers of exceptional intelligence. Instead of coming to London by the way of Liverpool, we determined to make a run through the eastern cathedral towns of England, and thus refresh our recollections of these grand ecclesiastical monuments.

After "doing" the Glasgow Cathedral, which has, perhaps, the finest crypt in Europe, we took Edinburgh, Durham, York, Lincoln, Petersborough, and Ely in somewhat rapid succession. The praises of these marvelous creations have been often spoken by admiring visitors, and they will continue to be spoken so long as man has a susceptibility to the beautiful. Each of these towns is justly proud of its crowning attraction, each one with a history reaching back into the dimness of the mediæval times, where, with all the sham in religious faith and practice, stout, honest work was done in building the house of God. Every one knows that the Reformation on the Continent, and the Commonwealth in England, were most destructive of the finest art-works then in existence, and most unfavorable to the cultivation of architectural and decorative taste. It is said that the Glasgow Cathedral is the sole church of Scotland that was not almost totally despoiled by the misguided zeal of the Reformers; and few, indeed, of the many English cathedrals that were not ruthlessly stripped of their statuary, or whose mural paintings were not mutilated, or effaced with whitewash. In spite of all the skill to hide them, each of these structures still bears upon its body these ugly scars. In nearly every one of these eastern cathedrals, very extensive repairs and restorations are in progress. Immense sums are expended to keep them in repair, and restore them, as

far as possible, to their pristine beauty. The *cui bono* of the stock exchange would shake the head incredulously, and the real lover of the masses, now living and dying in spiritual destitution, might suggest a fitter use of these treasures; but the æsthetic nature knows no such law of action, and pushes on to attain its own goal. And it is true that there is another side to the question. Were it submitted to the popular franchise of England to-day whether these sums of money should be thus expended, or the cathedrals fall into decay, it is morally certain that the requisite allowance would be voted. These structures have become the boast of each cathedral city, and, without these monuments, some of these towns would be only out-of-the-way hamlets, whose sward no tourist's foot would ever press. To these the pilgrim now comes as to holy shrines,—he treads these noble aisles with reverence, and I am sure the average tourist goes away a better, more refined man.

At Lincoln, Petersborough, and Ely, especially, the accumulated coats of white-wash are being removed, and the excellent masonry of the vaulted roofs is brought out again as clear and fresh as when first erected. In Ely Cathedral the exquisite decorations in colors and gold, that were so ruthlessly daubed over through the immoderate zeal of the Puritans, have been brought again to light, and other portions of the building are being restored in the same gorgeous style. A new screen before the high altar in excellent workmanship, by an English artist, is greatly admired, and shown with a just pride by the loyal beadle. Also a great improvement in the position of the organ is to be noticed. In many of the cathedrals the organ-loft is just at the point of juncture of the transept and choir, breaking up the view, and destroying the effect of the great high window in the choir. The purpose of the architect of Gothic churches, namely, the effect of the magnificent vista of the main nave and the lights struggling through the painted panes, is entirely thwarted by this impertinent organ-loft. How it ever came into its present unhappy position my

knowledge of the history of art does not enable me to say; but it is very evident that it must have belonged to a period of decadence, or have originated in the modern notions of utility. Our surprise at this arrangement is only increased when we see by what a simple device this offense has been removed at Ely, St. Paul's in London, and now at Cologne. The Report of the Commission informs us that more than four hundred thousand dollars have been expended on the repairs, restorations, and improvements at Ely within the few past years. Canon Merival, in the midst of his severe historical studies, yet finds time to help on this beautiful work in his cathedral. The only offensive portion of this attempted work which we noticed was the substitution of galvanized iron for stone in the building of the rear tower. Not only is this work manifestly different from the other portions of the structure, on account of difference of color, etc., but the general impression produced by it is unfortunate. While, doubtless, the perfection of form can be as well realized by metallic castings as by stone work (as seen in bronze statuary, etc.), nevertheless, we feel that one of Ruskin's Lamps, namely, Truth, has been extinguished by this procedure. We feel disappointment creeping over us as we strike these restorations with our cane. They give back a sound indicative of thinness and hollowness; and the peculiar metallic ring is suggestive rather of the rivalries of the market-place than the sacred quiet of the house of God.

This is an age given much to the preservation and restoration of the old architectural monuments. In the midst of all our commercial bustle are found many men who have a lively interest in perpetuating every thing that may aid in understanding the civilization of the past. Is it not true, that in the midst of the terrible battle of historic criticism that was waged on the Continent and in England during the first half of this century, there was engendered a truer appreciation of the value of monumental remains to historic writing, Scriptural exegesis, and Christian evidences? Hence, everywhere we go are found societies for the study of local archæology and the collection and careful collation of every thing that is valuable. Never has art history been so

difficult to write; never before must the historian be so much a man of wide research. The materials are vastly more numerous, and, while systematized by the superior skill of our archæologists, their careful study has come to be a task utterly unknown to the earlier historian.

Cologne Cathedral is also feeling this spirit of restoration and improvement. The German Government is making an annual appropriation, and many societies of learned men are taking a most lively interest in the completion of this finest cathedral of the world. Other cathedrals have their points of superiority, but none other has ever given us so grand a resultant impression as this. Some have finer glass, others excel in minor features, but give us Cologne as the best product of Gothic architecture now existing. It is a fine illustration of the perpetuity of thought to see how the magnificent plan of Gerhard von Rile, conceived more than five hundred years ago, is now being realized by these modern workmen. Slowly, very slowly, are these two grand towers rising to completion, while, in the archways of the front, many statues have replaced those that had fallen from their niches. But it is very difficult for modern haste to understand the patience and persistence of the mediæval workers. Here, too, as at Ely, has iron taken the place of honest stone in the rear tower. It is a great offense, and (were such a thing possible to our modern realism) the good old bishop, Conrad von Hochstellen, the originator of this structure, might well be imagined as rising from his tomb to sternly protest against this desecration. Rather let the work be left partially finished than thus marred by modern cheapness. The beadle quietly remarked to us that the tower weighed a million pounds, and it might be replaced by stone after one hundred or one hundred and fifty years!

In this great capital of the newly constructed German empire, there are but few indications of art progress. Doubtless for the past twelve years Prussia, especially, has had too many hard social and political problems to solve, too many stubborn contests both in camp and in forum, to greatly increase the governmental patronage of art. What few new monuments appear in the public squares give unmistakable proof of

the prevailing military spirit. They only illustrate, as does the whole history of the subject, that art forms the truest, because the insensible, index to the thought and civilization of a country. Most prominent among the new public monuments is the grand "Column of Victory," erected in the Thiergarten, near the Brandenburg Gate. It celebrates the victory over France in the late struggle. The monument, as a whole, is rich, and impresses one favorably. Possibly the angel of victory is too colossal, and somewhat lacking in repose and dignity. But this, too, is only a confirmation of the law which we have before enunciated. Doubtless, the victory over France was as complete as any that history can furnish, and the joy of Germany is, perhaps, truthfully represented by this figure. We ought to excuse a trifle of extravagance in a monument that was reared in the midst of universal shoutings and huzzas. The new building, devoted to modern German art, is approaching completion. The front of this Museum is among the finest in this capital. Also the perpetuation of the memory of Germany's great artists in sculpture, painting, architecture, music, and poetry, by statues in the various niches, is a most happy conception. It thus forms at once a building for the preservation and exhibition of the works of modern German artists, and a true temple of glory to their honor and worth. We can not too strongly commend this feature of the new Art Museum. It must be confessed that most of the public monuments of Berlin are calculated to keep alive and foster the military spirit. This exceptional building is an effort in the direction of fostering the genius of peace as well.

We find very few new pictures of striking

merit. The dealers in art-works do not usually get the best into their possession. But it strikes us that there has been a general depreciation in the quality of paintings offered for sale. Sepke, the veteran dealer on Unter den Linden, has a very good landscape, with an exceptionally pure sky, by O. Achenbach; but this artist seems hardly to equal the exquisite productions of former years. W. Grentz has some good Egyptian studies; H. Herzog offers a medium landscape; E. Bosch is faintly imitating Landseer in animal painting; E. Meisel gives some fair in-door views of the *genre* character; and E. Dücker has produced a marine view that is attracting considerable attention. But it occurs to us, as we institute careful comparisons, that this is a generation of art decadence in the north. We look in vain for worthy successors of Shinkel in architecture; Rauch and Thorwaldsen in sculpture; Cornelius and Kaulbach in painting; Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, and others in music; and Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, etc., in poetry.

One thing encourages us in this view. The Gebrüder Micheli, among the largest dealers in exquisite marbles; Eichler, the largest dealer in casts of classical and other works; and the dealers in photographs and engravings, say that their orders from American colleges, universities, and seminaries, are largely increasing each year. The business in these illustrations of art and art-history is truly immense. May we not hope that America has before her a most inviting future in art development and patronage. The hard and thankless labors of some earnest men will, in due time, come to be appreciated, and some that are now styled dreamers will be recognized as the true seers and benefactors of the country.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

NAMES OF GREAT LAKES.—The names of the lakes seem to be determined, in spite of effort, and are generally Indian names. The first discoverer of Ontario called it "St. Louis;" the other early French called it "Frontenac," after the Governor, who was not unwilling to be complimented; but it was after "Ontario or Frontenac." The English, as they first claimed dominion, called it "Katarakui, or Ontario" (Washington's journal); Mitchell, "Ontario, or Catarakui;" and Pownall, the same; but the name Ontario was always used.

Huron was named, from the unfortunate tribe on its shores when it was first discovered, "des Hurons," of the Hurons. From Homans, 1706, and De L'Isle, 1729, it received the *alias* of "Michigan;" Hennepin, in 1698, and Coxe, in 1721, called it "Huron, or Karegnondi;" Washington's journal, in 1754, "Ouatoghi, or Huron." No one of the lakes so uniformly received the same name.

Lake Michigan, persistently called at first "Illinois," was called, in 1719, "Michigan," by Sener; in 1744, by Charlevoix; and it continued generally after this to have that name.

Superior, called by Champlain, its first topographer, "Grand Lac," was named by the Jesuits, in their wonderful map, "Tracy," or "Superior." Called by the English Sener in 1719, and Coxe in 1721, as an *alias*, after the Nadoussions (Sioux) on its shore, it uniformly had, from the time of the Jesuit map, its present name, with occasionally, in early maps, the name "Tracy."

Lake Erie received its name from the Eries on its bank, and uniformly had that name. The tribe was otherwise called the Cat nation, whence the lake had sometimes the *alias* of "The Cat," "Felis," "Du Chat." Sener, in 1719, called it also "Cadaraqua," the name sometimes given to Ontario. Washington's journal, Mitchell, and Pownall called it also Oskwegio.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "AUCTION."—The word "auction" originally meant an increase, or an increasing, as applied to time

or things, and had no reference to a sale. The use of the term in the sense of a sale originated, it is believed, with the Romans, who called the sale of military spoils among the soldiers *auctio sub hasta* (under the spear), from the circumstance that it was first held behind a spear stuck in the ground. Subsequently, it became the custom to put up the signal of a spear at all sorts of auctions. Sometimes these spears had a banneret fluttering from one end, and hence the modern practice of using a staff or pole with a colored flag at the end, as an indication of the place where the auction sale is taking place.

Box-wood. — The supply of box-wood (*Buxus sempervirens*) demanded by the best kind of wood-engravers is gradually falling short. The largest blocks are the produce of the forests of the countries bordering on the Black Sea; but the yield has become very slight, and, unless the forests of Abkhassia are opened to the trade, it must soon cease. In 1873, 2,897 tons, valued at £20,621, were exported from Poti. From 5,000 to 7,000 tons of the finest quality annually pass through Constantinople, on the way from Southern Russia and Turkish ports to foreign markets. About 1,500 tons of inferior wood are annually supplied from the neighborhood of Samsoon. The box-wood forests of Turkey are nearly exhausted. In Russia, a considerable quantity of choice wood still exists, although the forests near the sea have been denuded. The wood of Trebizond is generally inferior; nevertheless, from 25,000 to 30,000 cwt. are annually exported.

THE KARENS.—The Karen tribes occupy the country which is the present subject of dispute between the British Government and Burmah,—a chain of broken hills running north and south between the two countries, and called by the natives the Twelve Mountains. They number about fifty thousand, and are said to be a very superior race to the kindred Karens of the plains of British Burmah. The interior of the Karen dwellings is fitted with a raised seat round the

walls, for sitting on in the European manner. And the necessity for this exceptional mode of resting is apparent, as the women all wear rings of thick brass wire, bent around the wrist and elbow, and again around the knee and ankle, confining them so in every motion that they can not possibly squat down on the ground in the usual Oriental fashion, nor kneel to pray as the men do; while, in walking, their feet make two perfectly separate tracks a foot or so apart. It needs hardly be said that the men never submit to this tyranny. They are sensibly dressed in light jackets and trousers, of an almost European type, and are chiefly remarkable, outwardly, for very closely shaving their heads, except where a small top-knot is carefully left. But the effect of the peculiar female fashion of the Twelve Mountains is described as extraordinarily irksome, even to the looker-on; in fact, these self-imposed fetters cause the harem ladies more bodily inconvenience, if possible, than the worst development of the hoop or crinoline mania could have done.

RESURRECTION OF AN ANCIENT CITY.—In 1814, the retreat of the sea discovered the remains of the ancient city *Cæstobrix*, or *Cetobrica*, the port and arsenal of *Sertorius*. It is on the left bank of the mouth of the *Sadao*, and opposite *Setubal*. It is a city older than *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*, for it was *Carthaginian* and *Phœnician* before it was *Roman*. Already two miles of its ancient walls have been laid bare. A French joint-stock company has been formed to explore it; one hundred yards have already been excavated, and a number of the most valuable coins have been discovered. It is believed that a great many of the rarest works of art or antiquity are buried under those sands. It was suddenly overwhelmed by sand in the fifth century.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.—For twenty-five years, students of the *Assyrian* and *Babylonian* remains have been working hardest to develop the history of those empires. They have been spurred on to their work by their brilliant success in discovering long and full records of various monarchs mentioned in the *Scriptures*, and by the invaders' accounts of the victories recorded in the *Old Testament* over the various kings of *Judah* and *Israel*. These wonderful confirmations of

the sacred history have been carefully developed, and a new and very important chapter of the world's history has been recovered, including tolerably complete annals of successive kings, beginning nearly two thousand years before the conquest of *Babylon* by *Cyrus*. But it is only within a few years that we have begun to learn what was the real literature of the people, what their books, what their inner life and feelings, what their *Iliad* or *Kalevala*, what their omens and exorcisms and star-gazers' prodigies. To these subjects the labor of *Assyrian* students is now directed, and already a rich store of information has been secured, as important as it is curious. The public attention directed to this subject through the discovery, by *Mr. George Smith*, of the *Babylonian* story of the *Flood*, resulted in the commission given to *Mr. Smith*, first by the publishers of the *London Telegraph*, and afterward by the *British Museum*, to carry on further explorations in *Nineveh*, with the object of completing the story of the *Flood*, and securing other records. He was successful in discovering the only missing fragment of that story, and in adding other mythological and historical tablets of great value, translations of which, as of inscriptions previously in the *British Museum*, he has given in his important work just published, entitled "*Assyrian Discoveries*."

PHONOGRAPHY.—The existence of shorthand can be traced back with certainty to the days of *Julius Cæsar* and *Cicero*, both of whom are recorded as having employed it; the former, to secure secrecy for his private memorandums, or for special communication to his friends and officers; and the latter, as a means of perpetuating his own lofty eloquence, through the swiftly moving fingers of his freedman, *Tyro*, whom he is supposed to have instructed in the brief characters.

OLD ICE.—The altitude of the *Stevens* mines, on *Mount M'Clellan*, *Colorado*, is twelve thousand five hundred feet. At the depth of from sixty to two hundred feet, the crevice-matter, consisting of *silica*, *calcite*, and *ore*, together with the surrounding wall-rock, is a solid frozen mass. *M'Clellan* is one of the highest eastern spurs of the *Snowy Range*. It has the form of a

horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldspathic rock nearly two thousand feet high, which, in some places, is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some eighty or ninety feet had been made; then the frozen territory was reached, and it was continued for over two hundred feet. There are no indications of a thaw, Summer or Winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and massive as the rock.

The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick or drill, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the most of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over two hundred and ninety feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the vicinity, in a like frozen state. The theory is, that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heat. In that case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least eighty thousand years! The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen well and the Stevens mine, show no way for air currents, are still referred to imbedded icebergs and the glacial period.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—*Mr. Editor*: I see in the August number of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*, an account showing what ignorance foreigners manifest while speaking about the geography and manners of the American people. The eccentric Frenchman, Jules Verne, who is the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and such like works, in his amusing tale of "A Journey Round the World in Eighty Days," gives a very amusing account of a political meeting at San Francisco, in

which he and his friends were in great danger of their lives, and had their clothes torn in shreds. Such a meeting as that might do for Paris, but not San Francisco, within the last five years, in which the book purports to have been written. It also has an account of the floating quays of that place; scarcely needs it to be said, that there are no such. In the edition of Osgood & Co., 1873, page 205, these words occur: "The train left Oakland station at six o'clock. It was already night, cold and cheerless, the heavens being overcast with clouds which seemed to threaten snow." "Snow began to fall an hour after they started,—a fine snow, however, which happily could not obstruct the train; nothing could be seen from the windows but a vast white sheet." It is well known snow never falls at or near San Francisco. Again, he says, that the country is very level along the railroad to Sacramento. He forgets that it passes through the Coast Range mountains, which rise twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the railroad. Besides, he says that the road runs along the American River to Sacramento, while that river empties into the Sacramento River at that point, and the road runs along no river in particular for a mile. A. K. M.

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Vestegan, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says: "They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moons of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, the full moons, and the change should happen, as also, their festival days; and such a carved stick they called an *almondaght*,—that is to say, 'almon-heed,'—to wit, the regard or observation of the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac." After the invention of printing, almanacs became generally in use. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year-book of Henry VII.

QUERY.—In 1855, a work was published, entitled, "Which: the Right or the Left?" Who wrote the book? For years I have tried to "find out" the author, and never could; I can't endure it any longer. E. W.

SCIENTIFIC.

AGE OF THE NIAGARA GORGE.—It has for thirty years been the received opinion of geologists that the whole of the gorge of the Niagara, from Queenstown to the Falls, was excavated since the glacial period, and the work here done has been assumed to be a more or less accurate measure of the time elapsed since that period. But Mr. Thomas Belt, on a visit to Niagara last year, discovered what he takes to be sufficient evidence for asserting that the post-glacial gorge extends only from Queenstown up to the whirlpool, and that, between the latter point and the Falls, the Niagara flows in its pre-glacial bed. The author holds that the present river is cutting back the gorge much more slowly than Lyell estimated; that, instead of one foot yearly, the retrocession is not more than, if as much as, one foot in ten years; and that, allowing for the comparative softness of the rocks below the whirlpool, we must put back the occurrence of the glacial period to at least 200,000 years ago, supposing the entire gorge, from Queenstown to the Falls, to have been excavated since that time. "But if," says Mr. Belt, "the conclusion at which I have arrived is correct,—that the gorge, from the whirlpool to the Falls, is pre-glacial, and that the present river has only cut through the softer beds between Queenstown and the whirlpool, and, above the latter point, merely cleared out the pre-glacial gorge in the harder rocks,—then 200,000 years, or even less, is amply sufficient for the work done; and the occurrence of the glacial epoch, as so measured, will be brought within the shorter period, that, from other considerations, I have argued, has elapsed since it was at its height."

A NEW TEXTILE INDUSTRY.—The Government of India has been encouraging, of late, the culture of China grass (*tschu-ma*), or inner bark of the *Bohmeria nivea*, which yields a very beautiful fiber, some three times as strong as hemp, and as soft as flax, while possessing a luster equal to that of silk. Although the properties of this fiber have long been known, there has been an absence of proper machinery for its preparation, and,

until quite lately, it has been supposed that only the green stem could be operated upon. Since it has been discovered that the dry stems may be treated by ordinary hemp and flax machinery, producing a fiber but little inferior to that obtained from the green plant, their utilization bids fair to constitute an important addition to existing textile industries. Although the plant is indigenous to China, India, and Japan, it is said to adapt itself to climatic conditions with considerable facility, and hence, it may be inferred that systematic culture in southern States would be attended with favorable results.

DISTILLATION OF MOSS.—The extreme richness of the milk of the reindeer, that feed on the wild mosses of Sweden, has led to an examination of the moss as an article of food. These researches have resulted in the establishment of a number of moss distilleries in Russia and Sweden, and a prosperous and growing interest has been developed. The moss employed yields, on an average, as much alcohol as good grain, and three times as much as potatoes. The supply of moss is practically inexhaustible, as it is spread over vast tracts, extending from the Baltic to Behring's Straits.

CLOUD-FORMS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BAROMETER.—Mr. Blasius, in his recently published work on storms, questions even the most limited usefulness of the barometer as an indicator of weather changes, and suggests, that, instead of depending upon it, observers, especially navigators, will find a far better guide and counselor for safety in the forms of the clouds, which not only foretell the approach of storms much earlier than barometers, but show, at the same time, the observer's position in regard to them, and how their danger can best be escaped. According to Mr. Blasius, every sort of storm has its representative cloud formation, which gives timely notice of approaching danger. He divides storms into three classes: (1.) Local, or vertical, storms, of which, in our latitude, the Summer shower is an example. Its characteristic cloud is the *cumulus*. (2.)

Progressive, or lateral, storms, in which the equilibrium is re-established in a lateral direction; characteristic cloud, *cumulo-stratus*.

(3.) Diagonal storms, tornadoes, hail-storms, sand-storms, water-spouts, etc.; characteristic cloud, *conus*, heretofore known simply as the tornado cloud. Mr. Blasius does not consider the art of cloud-reading difficult of attainment. "A year's observation," he says, "will acquaint the student with the cycle of phenomena, and make him a reliable weather prophet, at least for every-day purposes."

PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPHY.—The *Telegraphic Journal*, copying from the *Golos*, announces the arrival at St. Petersburg of M. La Cour, assistant director of the Copenhagen Physical Observatory, in order to submit to the telegraphic conference a new invention in telegraphy. That invention gives the possibility of transmitting dispatches between two telegraphic stations through one wire only, and by means of many instruments, so that transmission by one instrument can not impede the action of the other. M. La Cour, while engaged some years ago in investigating the passage of electric currents through conducting media, found that electricity is transmitted, from place to place, by undulations analogous to those of sound. In consequence of this discovery, he hit upon an arrangement of electro-magnets and tuning-forks, by means of which a particular current passing through a tuning-fork pitched to a certain note does not become merged in or confounded with other currents, which, after passage through differently pitched tuning-forks, are simultaneously transmitted along the same wire. This, of course, renders it possible to send many messages at a time through the same wire.

SPECTACLES WITHOUT GLASSES.—A novel kind of spectacles, originally designed to prevent snow blindness, present some features of general use and interest. They consist of two half-shells, resembling walnut-shells, rounded in front, and made to fit the eye at the back. In place of a glass is a narrow, horizontal slit in front of the pupil of the eye. To give air and a sight at the sides, small holes are provided at each end. The material is ebonite (hard rubber might answer), and they are secured to the eyes by

a ribbon, designed to be fastened round the head. This is to prevent the freezing effects of metal when the spectacles are used in cold climates. Elsewhere, they might be provided with metal supports, such as are used in ordinary glasses. In traveling, such eye-protectors are said to be very useful in keeping out the glare of the sun, and in preventing cinders and dust from reaching the eye. Engineers, pilots, and others exposed to sleet, wind, smoke, and dust, might find such spectacles useful in protecting the eyes without interfering with the sight. For home use, such a pair of protectors might easily be made of stiff cloth, pasteboard, or thin metal, and, properly fitted to the eyes, will be found valuable to persons of sensitive sight.

EFFECTS OF NARCOTICS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.—A desire for something artificially to excite, soothe, or stupefy the nervous system, has caused men in all parts of the world to ransack nature in search of narcotics. Tobacco, opium, betel-nut, Indian hemp, and even some sorts of fungi, are used for this purpose. The immediate effect of opium-eating is made familiar by the writings of men of genius, who had contracted the habit, and whose descriptions have been productive of great evil among the educated classes. The confirmed opium-eater of the East seldom lives beyond the age of forty, and may be recognized at a glance by his trembling steps and curved spine, his sunken, glassy eye, and sallow, withered features. The enjoyment of the opium-eater gradually diminishes as his system becomes habituated to the drug. From time to time he must increase the quantity which he takes; but, finally, no increase will produce the desired effect. By the addition, however, of a little corrosive sublimate, the influence is, for a time, renewed. But at last this also fails, when, in a little while, the miserable victim sinks into his grave. Opium, besides acting as a narcotic, possesses remarkable power as a restorative. By apparently checking the natural waste of nervous energy, it enables the system to support otherwise unendurable fatigue. For this reason it is used in the East by palanquin bearers, messengers, and Tartar couriers, all of whom are obliged to perform journeys involving almost incredible

fatigue. A species of fungus is employed by the natives of Kamschatka and Siberia, to produce narcotic effects closely resembling intoxication. Sometimes it is eaten in soups and sauces, or is taken mixed with the juices of the whortleberry; but the more usual mode is to swallow it whole, rolled in the form of a pill; one large-sized toad-stool is sufficient to cause narcotic effects for a whole day. The natural temperament of the individual shows itself with unusual distinctness. A man fond of music or talking will be constantly singing or chattering. The power of estimating the size of objects is apparently destroyed, so that a man, going to step across a straw or twig, will lift his foot as though about to stride over the trunk of a tree. The Indian hemp, properly a narcotic of Africa, also possesses this last peculiarity. Its narcotic virtues depend upon a resinous substance contained in the sap, and this is much more abundant in tropical than in temperate climates. It is extracted, made into a sirup, and eaten with a confection of cloves, nutmegs, and other spices. The pleasure is described as consisting of an "intense feeling of happiness, which attends all the operations of the mind. The sun shines on every thought that passes through the mind, and every movement of the body is a source of enjoyment." One of its ill effects is that of producing catalepsy. The use of the coca-tree as a narcotic, in Peru and Bolivia, is of great antiquity. The natives simply chew the dried leaves. In order that the coca may produce the desired effect, it is necessary for the patient to be perfectly quiescent. He generally stretches himself at full length in the shade, on soft turf or dry leaves, and, rolling a few of the coca-leaves into a ball, puts them into his mouth, having added to the leaves, in order to bring out the full flavor, a little slacked lime, or the alkaline ashes of certain plants. When thus engaged, the apathy he displays is something marvelous. No entreaty will induce him to move; he is indifferent alike to drenching rain, burning sun, or the roar of wild animals in neighboring thickets. Though it is not exactly known in what the pleasures derived from the coca consist,

still they must be of a most seductive character, thus to deprive men of that instinct which naturally leads them to avoid danger.

A NEW STENOGRAPHIC REPORTING MACHINE.—An apparatus resembling the typewriter in design, and intended to be used as a stenographic reporting machine, has been recently brought out in France. It consists of keys and a lever very much like the desk of the typewriter, and a long roll of paper that automatically unwinds as the keys are touched. Each key makes dots or dashes, and the lever spaces off the words and lines. The report, in Morse's alphabet, is thus readily written out as fast as the keys can be touched, and may be copied or set up in type without difficulty. Six months' practice will enable a good operator to follow the most rapid speaker.

HOW WE KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT.—Donders asserts that the mouth is kept closed, not by the action of the muscles connected with the lower jaw, but by atmospheric pressure. He has investigated this phenomenon experimentally. By employing a manometer, communicating with the space between the tongue and the hard palate, he finds, when the mouth is kept shut, a negative pressure, corresponding to from two to four millimeters of the mercurial column. There are two suctorial spaces in the mouth, the principal one is bounded by the tongue below, the hard palate above, and the soft palate behind; the other is situated between the tongue and the floor of the mouth. The former is used in sucking liquid through a straw; the other, sometimes in smoking. Both are employed when we endeavor, with the mouth closed, to extract a foreign body from between the teeth. The mouth may be shut during sleep when the muscles of mastication are relaxed. If a man fall asleep in the sitting posture with his mouth open, his jaw drops; the tongue not being in contact with the hard palate, the suctorial space is obliterated; the soft palate no longer adheres to the root of the tongue; and if respiration be carried on through the mouth, the muscular curtain begins to vibrate, and snoring is the result.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BROKEN NOSES.

SOME hundreds of years ago, if we are to believe the stories that have been written of those times, in the suburbs of a small town, lying to the south of the Baltic Sea, there lived a merchant, his wife, and their two children, named Fritz and Spitz. They were good, honest people, with simple ways of living, and were much liked by their fellowtowns-folk. Near their house was a farm-yard, and in the farm-yard was a high barn, which was the greatest delight of the boys. One day, however, as they were trying who could climb highest up the two sides of the barn, a sharp gust of wind came, which caused them both to let go and fall down on the ground. Their good mother heard their screams, and ran out to see what was the matter. She found her sons lying bleeding on each side of the barn, with both their noses broken,—one to the right side and the other to the left.

She was far too sensible a woman to begin to cry also; but she picked them up, and carried them into the house, where she speedily applied all the remedies she knew of. The father, when he returned home, and heard of the catastrophe, was a good deal put out.

"Just think," he said, "what frights the poor lads will be."

"Well, my dear," replied his wife, "I don't see that the appearance of his nose can in any way lessen a man's chances of success in life, and a broken neck would; so you had better be thankful, instead of grumbling."

It may be here remarked, by the way, that the excellent lady's own nose was her least enviable feature, it being both long and thick.

It happened, when Fritz was about sixteen, that the merchant was obliged to go on a journey into the adjoining country, and he took his eldest son with him. But, before he had been there many months, he breathed his last; and Fritz came back and told his mother of the misfortune which had befallen the family, saying, at the same time, that he should take his portion and re-

turn to the other kingdom, where he thought he should get on very well. He intended to stay there for ten years, and then come back to the maternal roof. So he bade farewell to his mother and brother, and remarked to the latter, as he parted:

"I dare say, Spitz, we shall be much changed when we meet again, but we shall always know each other by our broken noses."

Years passed away, and the mother also died; so the brothers were left all alone in the world, and did not even hear tidings of each other; for there was no post in those days. At that time war broke out between the two countries, and every able-bodied man had to enlist in the army. Spitz put on a soldier's coat, and went off to battle with the rest, and fought as bravely as any one.

But the worst was that the other side gained the victory, and poor Spitz was taken prisoner. He was carried to the capital, and shut up in a horrid, dark, damp dungeon, and at last he was told one evening that he would be executed on the next day.

Of course, he was much distressed at this news, and he lay down on his straw and wept a bitter tear. All at once there was a great noise, in the court-yard, of the trampling of horses' hoofs and the wheels of chariots. The jailer came in to Spitz in an excited state, and said that the king's first counselor had come to see him.

"I don't want your counselors, or your kings either," muttered poor Spitz, who did not feel in the right mood to receive visitors.

"But," answered the jailer, who was really a kind-hearted man, "the counselor could save your life. He is one of the greatest men in all the land, and, besides, he has a broken nose like yourself, and I am sure he will take compassion on you."

Spitz leaped to his feet so suddenly that the jailer started, and dropped the keys on his toes. For three seconds, Spitz was speechless. Then he gasped:

"A broken nose, did you say? Show him in."

The counselor came in accordingly, and

Spitz instantly recognized in him his brother Fritz. When the door was shut, Fritz told him how he had become a great favorite with the king, and had risen to his present high rank and position. Then he said:

"By a merciful chance, my dear brother, I heard that one of the prisoners had a broken nose, or, undoubtedly, you would have died to-morrow. But now I have come to save you. You have nothing to do but swear allegiance to my sovereign, and the prison-doors are open to you."

"Alas!" answered Spitz, "that I can not do; for I should be a traitor to my own king."

"Well," Fritz replied, "I can not have my brother die. So, if you won't go out by the door, you must by the window. Here is a rope and a knife; and, at the dead of night, you must make your escape as best you can."

Spitz thanked his brother and said goodbye. When the time came, he did as he was bid, and safely returned into the borders of his own land.

Time wore on, but the fighting still continued, both by land and sea. Spitz was thought quite a hero when he got back, and his king made him a knight. His country was the most often victorious now, and he went to sea, and before long gained great fame as a sailor, and had a vessel of his own.

It was the business of this vessel to destroy all other ships which came within sight of her; and her captain was about to pursue this course with a frigate which had been cruising about not far off, when an envoy and his escort came on board by a small boat.

"We desire terms," he said; "a treaty of peace lies on board yonder frigate, to be submitted to your king. Let us pass."

"We can give no terms," replied Captain Spitz; "our orders from the king are to let no vessel pass, and we must obey those orders."

The envoy was on the point of departure when Spitz asked, "What is the name of your ship?"

"*The Broken Nose*," answered the envoy.

Spitz nearly fell overboard at these words.

"That," he said, "alters the question. I shall visit your vessel immediately."

Counsellor Fritz, on the *Broken Nose*, was very glad to see Captain Spitz, and showed him the treaty. Spitz said that they had better both go to his king; which they did, and their negotiations were so successfully concluded that peace was shortly proclaimed between the two countries, to the great joy of all the people.

Each of the kings had a fair daughter, but no sons. So the princesses were married to the wise counsellor and the great captain, and the kings, considering the great benefits which had been brought about by the brothers, Fritz and Spitz, introduced a broken nose into the national arms of both countries.—*Good Words*.

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

A HAREBELL hung its willful head:

"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell;

"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;

He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;

"Leave me alone,—I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed, and said:

"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun he pitied her pitiful case,

And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and do n't be rude;

I am not—I do n't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried,

"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its millionfold path;

But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;

He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "O! O!

I am faint, so faint! Come, dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.

She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.

He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue

Is fading out of me,—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast it could,

But for all its will, it did her no good.

She shuddered and shriveled, and moaning said:

"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year

She'll be simple and sweet; but I fear, I fear.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

IN the house of a certain town the cat had arrived at a dreary old age, when her teeth had nearly all fallen out, and her claws were of little use.

"I'll drown this useless creature," said her master one morning. "The mice dance before my face."

"Do n't," said his wife.

"I will," said he, "when I come in to dinner."

As soon as he went out, the cat looked up in her mistress's face, and began to mew.

"Ay, poor puss," said she, "you may as well go," and off she went.

There was a dog in another house, and the same plan was laid out for him. He also fled away, and met the cat in the wood.

"What's to be done?" said they; "we'll starve, without doubt."

"Not at all," said the fox, who just then came up to them. "I'll get you honorably restored; but first you will have to aid me in a war which I am going to wage with the wolf. He is to be assisted by the boar and the bear."

"Willingly," said they.

The field of fight was appointed under a large oak in the forest. The wolf and his allies were first on the spot, and the bear climbed up to see if the enemy was near or far.

"O," said he, "they are two miles away; but one of them is holding a dreadful long white spear (this was the cat's tail). I can have a sleep before they come up."

"And I too, in this heap of withered leaves," said the boar.

"And I at the foot of the tree," said the wolf.

They forgot to waken before the arrival of the enemy. There was nothing visible of the boar outside the leaves but his ear, which the cat leaped on, thinking it was a slice of fresh meat. She gave it such a tearing with the teeth and claws which were left to her, that he sprang up with a roar and made off. The cat was as much frightened as he, and sprang up into the tree to be out of danger. The spot she alighted on was the bear's nose, and he got such a smart and fright that he lost his presence of mind, and fell like a sack down on the sleeping

wolf, and crushed the life out of him. He fled from the field of battle without once looking behind him; and the fox and his allies made a feast on the body of a hare which they had caught as they came along.

When they were returning, the fox caught a dozen rats and mice; and when the cat's master and mistress came out of their bedroom in the morning, the bodies of the vermin were lying on the floor, and pussy watching them. There was no more talk of sending her away. The dog's owners were awakened in the night by his barking in the yard.

"Let in the poor brute," said the woman. "May be he's striving to keep the robber or the fox away."

"Not a bit," said the man "he's only at his tricks."

Next morning there was a big hole found under the threshold, scooped out by the fox, and half a dozen black puddings missing from the rack. So there was welcome for the poor dog.

INSTINCT OR REASON?

A LITTLE dog had lost an eye in a fight with a cat. This was a long time ago, so that now old age and infirmity had made Stella quite pacific. She had given up all idea of fighting, when, one day, hunting in the garden, she came, thinking no evil, to the door of an outhouse, where the cat was bringing up its kittens. Minette, who saw an enemy in every dog, left her young and came forward with her back arched. Stella, relying upon the purity of her intentions, did not run away. Minette took this calmness for insolence, and jumped on her head. Then poor Stella, unable to defend herself, lay down on her back, and, remembering that cat's claws are particularly dangerous to the eyes, held one of her paws over her remaining eye. Thus was she found when her cries were heard, and she was saved from the teeth and claws of the furious Minette. She was covered with wounds, but had saved her eye. Was this instinct or reason?

"It's all over with me!" as the pancake said, when it was turned.

"So far, so good," as the little boy said, when he had finished the first pot of jam.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WE welcome the appearance of Dr. B. F. Cocker's *Theistic Conception of the World*, a needed "essay in opposition to certain tendencies of modern thought." Dr. Cocker proved his ability to write such a work by his able authorship of "Christianity and Greek Philosophy." In preparation for his task he has gone over the whole ground of the controversy, selected the salient ideas of the best thinkers and the best works, quoting over a hundred in the way of refutation of errors, illustrative of his subject, and in support of his theme; endeavoring to collect and converge the broken and scattered lights that may aid in the furtherance of discovery, the maintenance of truth, or the progress of knowledge. Some of his methods and arguments are new, and some are veteran. He almost apologizes for entering the field, approaches the discussion of these old yet ever new questions, not only with a profound conviction of their magnitude and difficulty, but with an oppressive feeling that his essay "will be pronounced ambitious and vain." His excuse is, that "these questions are native to the human mind;" that though much of human effort to solve these problems has ended in failure and defeat, the human mind has never lost confidence in their ultimate solution, and has never abandoned them in despair." "In vain history points to the failure of twenty centuries;" "the indomitable energy breaks out anew, and the fight is continued." Professor Cocker not only deals strong blows with his own logical right arm, but he shows great skill in arraying contestants of different schools against each other, and in making dialectical opponents destroy themselves with their own weapons, in no case more successfully, perhaps, than in his handling of Professor Tyndall. Human discoveries aggregate slowly. Each generation adds a little, every individual thinker contributes a trifle to the advance, and Professor Cocker has set some old points in new light. We think he succeeds in showing up the confusion and contradictions of metaphysical notions in reference to time and space. "Extension and duration are attributes of the

finite, immensity and eternity are attributes of God." Dr. Cocker's history of Creation will be interesting to theologians. Genesis and geology have often been compared during the last half century; the arrangement of the first chapter of Genesis, the account of the Creation, as a poem, a psalm, a grand symbolical hymn, is not so common. We hope some day to transfer this portion of his work bodily to the pages of our magazine. Chapters seven, eight, and nine are the best portions of the work. Chapter nine opens with the remark that "the most sharply defined issue between science and religion—in fact, the only real issue at the present time—is in regard to the doctrine of special providence and the efficacy of prayer." It is true that this is the present phase of the perennial controversy, but it is one which covers and embraces all the rest. Acknowledge the existence of a personal deity, a God of voluntary choice, wisdom, holiness, power, and love, an Almighty Parent, and special providence and answer to prayer follow of course. Deny the existence of such a Deity, and we have nothing left but Strauss's crunching, grinding fate. "In the enormous machine of the universe, amid the whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous cranks and hammers, in the midst of this terrific commotion,—man, a helpless and defenseless creature, finds himself placed, not secure for a moment, that on some imprudent motion a wheel may not seize and rend him, or a hammer crush him to powder;" and Strauss's sole consolation to you and to me is the query of fate to conscious helplessness, "What are you going to do about it?" Michigan, its university, and the Church of which he is a member, may all be proud of so advanced a thinker on the side of Christian truth as Professor Cocker. His book is a mine of solid thought, and will furnish to ministers and persons fond of study food for hours of expansive reflection. (Published by Harper & Brothers, or Nelson & Phillips, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., or Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

A REVISED edition of Dr. James Porter's *Compendium of Methodism* will be prized by all lovers of the Church, its history, doctrines, and discipline. Any one who really wishes to know what Methodism is will find full answer to his queries in this Compend of five hundred duodecimo pages. In addition to a full table of contents, the volume is furnished with a copious topical index. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

"BETWEEN the 20th of October, 1870, and the 18th of September, 1873," Pope Pio Nono "pronounced two hundred and ninety discourses," which a certain Italian Boswell, Rev. Don Pasquale de Franciscis, "has reported in two volumes, and eleven hundred pages," which Mr. Gladstone reviews with his usual incisiveness in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1875. This review of Mr. Gladstone's the Harpers now issue in pamphlet form, to take its place beside the "Vatican Decrees" to give the world an inside view of Popery from Papist tongues and Papist pens. No one can complain of Protestant misrepresentation. From these pages it appears that the flowers-of-brimstone style employed by the Romish press in this country is perfectly canonical, used at head-quarters by the infallible Pope himself, in the domination of Catholics by Catholics. The vituperative, blackguard style has mostly disappeared from modern religious and political controversy, but the Pope, according to Mr. Gladstone, calls the Italian Government and its partisans wolves, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, children of the devil, satellites of Satan, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, stinking corpses—and this catalogue by no means exhaustive. We need not wonder, therefore, if the infallible Pater showers such damnable expletives on his own Church-members, that his obsequious imitators and toe-kissers on this side the Atlantic should pelt Protestants with such gentle missiles as "Godless," "heathen," "infidels," and the like. This review of Mr. Gladstone's will be read as extensively as his other works. The papal question is in the ascendant in both hemispheres, and Mr. Gladstone is the Luther of the hour. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co.)

MUSIC forms a prominent part of the instruction in schools, high and low, nowadays, and ought to be introduced into colleges and universities as well. Oliver Ditson, of Boston, publishes the *High-school Choir*, a book of studies for advanced high classes, in nine parts, by L. O. Emerson and W. I. Tilden. We have glanced through it and find some good music in it, some new and some familiar. It seems a pity that books for Sunday-school use can not be elevated to as high a place of excellence and variety in words and tunes as that arrived at by writers of works for the use of secular schools.

MESSRS NELSON & PHILLIPS have just published two Oriental books of great interest and value, written by ladies. *Gems of India*, or sketches of distinguished Hindoo and Mohammedan women, by Mrs. E. J. Humphrey, formerly of the Indian mission; and *Ayesha*, "A Tale of the Times of Mohammed," by Emma Leslie, the fourth of a volume of Church history stories. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

PAMPHLETS.—Elwanger and Barry's *Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Flowering Plants, etc.* Their nursery, one of the oldest and most reputable in our country, is located at Rochester, New York. *Our Teeth and their Preservation*, by L. P. Meredith, D. D. S., of Cincinnati. *Circulars of Information* issued by the United States Bureau of Education, Numbers 3—6. *Report of the Chairman of the Faculty of the University of South Carolina. Cincinnati Union Bethel Report for 1875. What we Are and What we Shall Be; a Sermon delivered before the Pastors' Association of Albany*, by Rev. Charles Devol, M. D. *Catalogue of Otterbein University*, H. A. Thompson, D. D., President; Faculty 12, Students 72.

FICTION.—We have received from the publishers (Harper & Brothers, New York) their latest issues of standard fiction in paper covers, as follows: *The Lady Superior*, by Eliza F. Pollard; *Isulte*, by the author of "Vera," etc.; *Eglantine*, by Eliza Tabor; *Ward or Wife; Jean*, by Mrs. Newman; and *The Calderwood Secret*, by Virginia W. Johnson. *The Way we Live Now*, by Anthony Trollope.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOVEMBER! month—in England—of fogs and hypochondria and suicides,—reminder of Guy Fawkes and papal modes of diffusing the Gospel by slow matches and gunpowder; bleak harbinger of bleaker December, when the falling leaves of late Autumn are the sport of cold winds; when the harvest-moon and Indian Summer are succeeded by meteoric showers; when the fruits of the season are snugly housed in anticipation of coming snows; when fat herds and full granaries betoken plenty in farming communities, and the shelves of the merchant groan beneath the pressure of Fall supplies; when every thing, in city and country, indicates the abundance and full-handedness of Christian civilization,—what month of the year more appropriate for considering the cause of the poor and needy, the moral and spiritual wants of the world, so intimately connected with the physical necessities and dire poverty usually found in heathen lands? what month fitter than November for the annual meeting of the heads of a great and wealthy Christian denomination, like the Methodist Episcopal Church, to consider the world's needs, and demands upon conscience and liberality, the poverty of the natives, and our means of relieving it, the most important stations to be occupied, the contributions of the faithful and their judicious distribution to the most necessitous. Hail to MISSIONARY November!

GOLDEN RULE.—In Christ's Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vii, 12), we read, "therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Luke vi, 31, reads, "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." In the Apocrypha (Tobit iv, 15), the rule runs thus: "What thou hatest do to no man." Clarke says, "It seems as if God had written this law on the hearts of all men, for sayings of this kind may be found among all nations." Whitby gives examples. First, positively,

Latin—"Quod tibi fieri vis, fac alteri."

Greek—"Ἐνὸς πάντων ὡς σοὶ θέλεις πάντας."

Also, negatively,

"Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris."

Five hundred years before Christ, one of the disciples of Confucius said, "Master, is there not some one word which may serve as a rule of practice for one's entire life?" The sage answered, "Is not 'Reciprocity' such a word?" and added, immediately, "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

Legge, Confucius's translator, lays stress on the positive form of the Christian rule; yet, Hillel, a Jewish rabbi, thirty years before Christ, "a second Ezra," who died when Christ was ten years of age, gives the law in the negative form, "Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do to thee." "This is the whole law; the rest is mere commentary." None of Confucius's quoters give this beautiful, world-wide precept in so brief a form as it fell from the sage's own lips. It is condensed as a telegram,—

"Ki su pok ük ük sic ü ing,
Self what wish not not do to man."

Wesley says, "The whole is comprised in one word, 'imitate the God of love.'"

HOMES.—Home, next to heaven, is the sweetest word in the English language:

"Home! sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

It implies father, mother, brothers, sisters, love, religion, comfort, joy, and rest in health; sympathy, concern, and gentle ministrations in weariness, distress, and sickness. Our highest compassions are reserved for the homeless, and yet the day comes when the young must leave home. The weaning is hard; "homesickness" is inevitable on the first trial, but it must be; we must find new homes,—never, alas! quite equal to the "old homestead," but centers of new life and joy. Death and misfortune sometimes deprive those of a home who have most need of it,—the infant, the invalid, the poor, the aged. Christian society aims to supply this want by public institutions supported by taxation. The old New England "almshouse" was

a refuge for the parentless, the sick, the imbecile, the insane, the aged; but the same roof covered a "work-house" for the idle and vagrant, as well; and it used to be considered a disgrace, something to be dreaded by the once prosperous and well-born, to "go to the poor-house," end one's days with society's waifs and refuse, and be buried in the potter's-field, in a pauper's grave and a pauper's coffin. None dreaded this sad issue of life so much as sensitive women reduced to poverty by the vices of husbands and fathers, or rendered helpless and destitute by sickness, age, or inevitable misfortune.

For such, our sisters in New York provided, a generation ago, "an Old Ladies' Home," one of the loveliest benevolences of that benevolent metropolis. Before us lies a pamphlet headed MINARD HOME, a splendid mansion, located at Morristown, New Jersey, thirty miles west of New York, on the Morris and Essex railroad, donated to the Church in 1870, by Abel Minard, for the purpose of "affording a Home for the female children of foreign missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, so long, during their minority, as their parents may be engaged in work in the foreign field." It is not an orphanage, asylum, or charity-school, but a Home, such as missionaries may desire when seeking the best place to leave their daughters while absent from them. The Home is at present in the charge of Rev. S. S. Weatherby and wife, late of the India mission, from whom all needed particulars can be ascertained. We add one item from the circular:

"The trustees offer to provide a home, board, clothing, medical attendance, and education, the best that can be obtained in first-class schools, for one hundred dollars per annum, the amount allowed by the Mission Board for the support of missionaries' children."

War destroys homes. The soldier is a home-destroyer as well as a home-defender, and when the war is over, sick, wounded, or disabled, the poor soldier often has no home of his own. The war on behalf of the Union was a war for homes, waged in behalf of a race to whom the joys of home and family were but imperfectly known. But where were home-defenders themselves to find homes at the conclusion of the bloody

strife? A grateful nation has provided inviting retreats for its soldiers.

The Home for disabled volunteers at Dayton, Ohio, is chief among these national establishments. It consists of five hundred acres of farm land, three miles west of the city of Dayton, built up, within the last few years, to the status of an industrial village, with its extensive hospital, its beautiful church, soldiers' quarters, officers' houses, workshops, flower-gardens, aviary, menagerie, lake (the home of swans and wild geese), amusement hall, music hall, dining hall, deer park, offices, schools, and cemetery, gardens, parks, shrubberies, and fruit plantations, with broad avenues running in every direction; so that the Soldiers' Home is not only a HOME to its twenty-five hundred inmates, but is also one of the most attractive pleasure-resorts for visitors and picnic parties, farm societies, Churches, and Sunday-schools, in all parts of the State. During eight years, it has been visited by over two hundred thousand persons, as well as by General Hooker, General Sherman, President Grant, Bishop Simpson, and other notables. The chaplain, Rev. William Earnshaw, a member of the Baltimore Conference, is eminently fitted for his position. One of the chief donors to the library of the institution is Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, whose little biography of "Guepin of Nantes" is a beautiful specimen in type and binding, of the mechanical skill exercised by disabled veterans in their workshops. Just such a home as this, on a lesser scale, is needed for superannuated Methodist itinerants.

PROGRESS.—Missionary operations in heathendom have at length attracted notice and favorable comment from the leading British reviews. The *Westminster*, while disparaging missions generally, admits that "the results in India constitute the most brilliant page in the history of missionary enterprise." The London *Quarterly*, for April, has a long article on India and its missions. It finds, in 1871, 318,363 converts, 40,000 pupils in schools, 381 ordained native preachers. From 1851 to 1861, the increase was fifty-three per cent; from 1861 to 1871, sixty-one per cent; so that, at the same ratio, there will be, A. D. 1900, a million of

native Christians in India; in 1950, eleven millions; in 2000, one hundred and thirty-eight millions. This indicates progress. There are thirty-five missionary societies at work, and six hundred missionaries, of whom five hundred and fifty are ordained. Within twenty years the different missionary societies have held five fraternal conferences to consider the best modes of carrying on the work. The last was in January, in which one hundred and twenty missionaries, belonging to twenty different societies, participated. The Zenana work, carried on by women, is most interesting; thirteen hundred classes are here conducted by Christian women. The great hinderance is the listlessness, apathy, indifference, of the Hindoos, whether induced by their philosophy or the heat of the sun, or whether the lifeless philosophy itself was born of hot weather, is not apparent. It repudiates the idea that missionaries are lazy and self-indulgent; thinks, as we do, that England should evangelize her own subjects. Out of thirty-two societies, nine were American, six German, seventeen British. Of five hundred and forty-eight missionaries, three hundred and thirty-three were British, one hundred and thirty-one American, eighty-four German. The *Review* seems to be a trifle jealous of the work done on British soil by Americans and Germans, and wonders at the apathy of the Church of England. Of the missionaries, one hundred and sixty-six belonged to the Church of England, eighty-eight Presbyterian, eighty-seven Lutheran, seventy-seven Baptist, sixty-nine Independent, fifty-one Wesleyan, twelve isolated. Twenty-five presses are run by the missions.

MISSIONARY SECRETARIES.—Beautiful portraits of these distinguished servants of the Church grace the current number of the *REPOSITORY*, and we have embraced the opportunity afforded by their presence, in connection with the annual meeting of the Missionary Committee during this month, to give a sort of missionary character to the number. Dr. Eddy's face will recall many associations, sad and pleasing. His death left a heavy burden of work upon his associates, but they are men of work, and they are nobly sustained by the entire missionary army, embracing not merely the officers of

the society, but the ministry and laity of the whole Church, down to the youngest Sunday-school member. It will stir all workers in the great cause to look on these spirited portraits of their chosen leaders.

TOMB OF BISHOP KINGSLEY.—One of the most touching farewells spoken in the Eastern world is that of the Arabs, "May you die among your kindred!" This kind wish was not fulfilled in the case of Bishop Kingsley. Afar from home, in the midst of strangers, with no endeared associate to pillow his dying head, he closed his earthly pilgrimage, and ascended to his reward. He died at Beyroot, Syria, and there finds his last earthly resting-place. He had followed the footprints of the Lord here, and, almost in sight of the earthly Jerusalem, gained the heavenly.

SACRIFICE.—William C. Burns, an eloquent young Scotch divine, co-revivalist with M'Cheyne, upon whose lips thousands hung with awe, if not with rapture, dropped all his popular prospects, and, in 1846-7, sailed for China, where, for twenty years, he lived among the natives, dressed like them, ate and slept with them, and preached successfully in their dialects, from Canton to Peking. It cost very little to keep him. The Church needs Taylors and Moodys who ask, like Christ and the apostles, only to be supported while preaching the Word.

BY DECADES.—In 1820, the receipts of the missionary society were something over three cents a member; 1830, less than three cents; 1840, twenty-four cents; 1850, five years after the Southern secession, eighteen cents; 1860, thirty cents; 1870, fifty-one cents. How long will it take the Church, at that turtle-speed, to reach the desired average of a dollar a member for missionary purposes?

SPECS UPSIDE DOWN.—The great command is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Through the Church's glasses, it reads, "Go into the chief cities of the United States, and preach to congregations that pay the biggest salaries."

ENTERPRISING.—The Methodist Church has a hundred missionaries in the foreign field, and three thousand in the domestic.

"Take up a collection."—Dr. RUST.

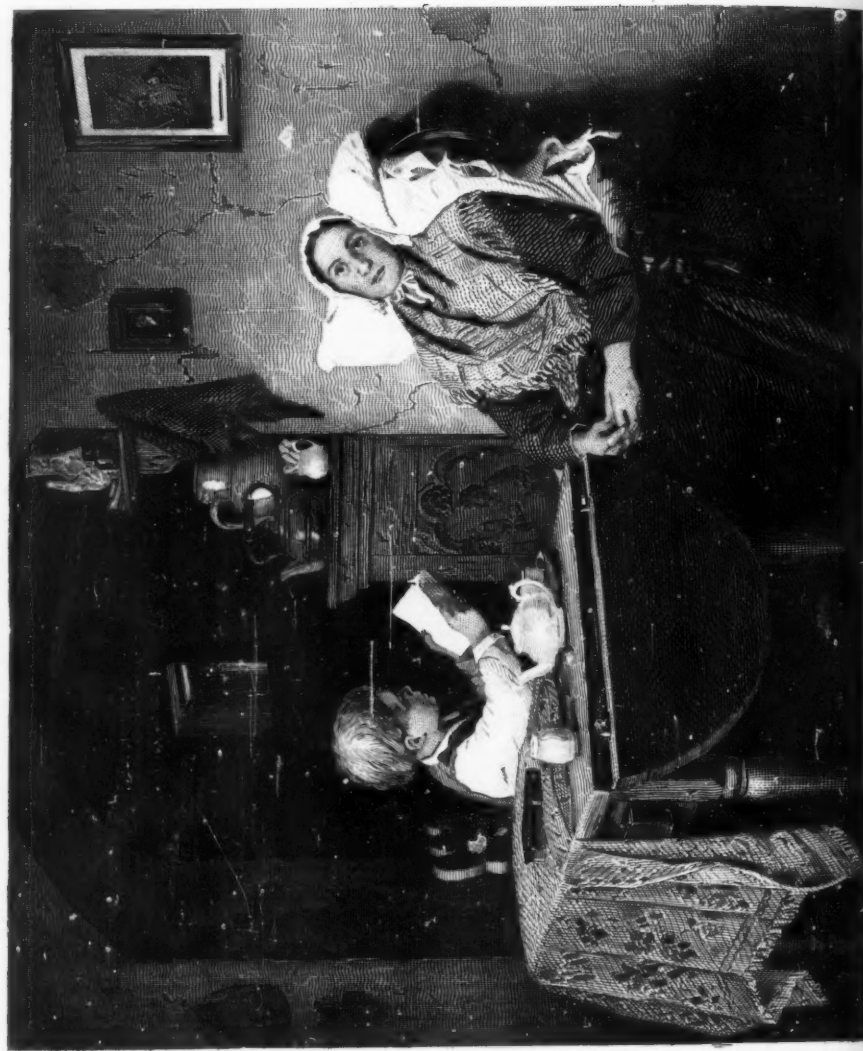
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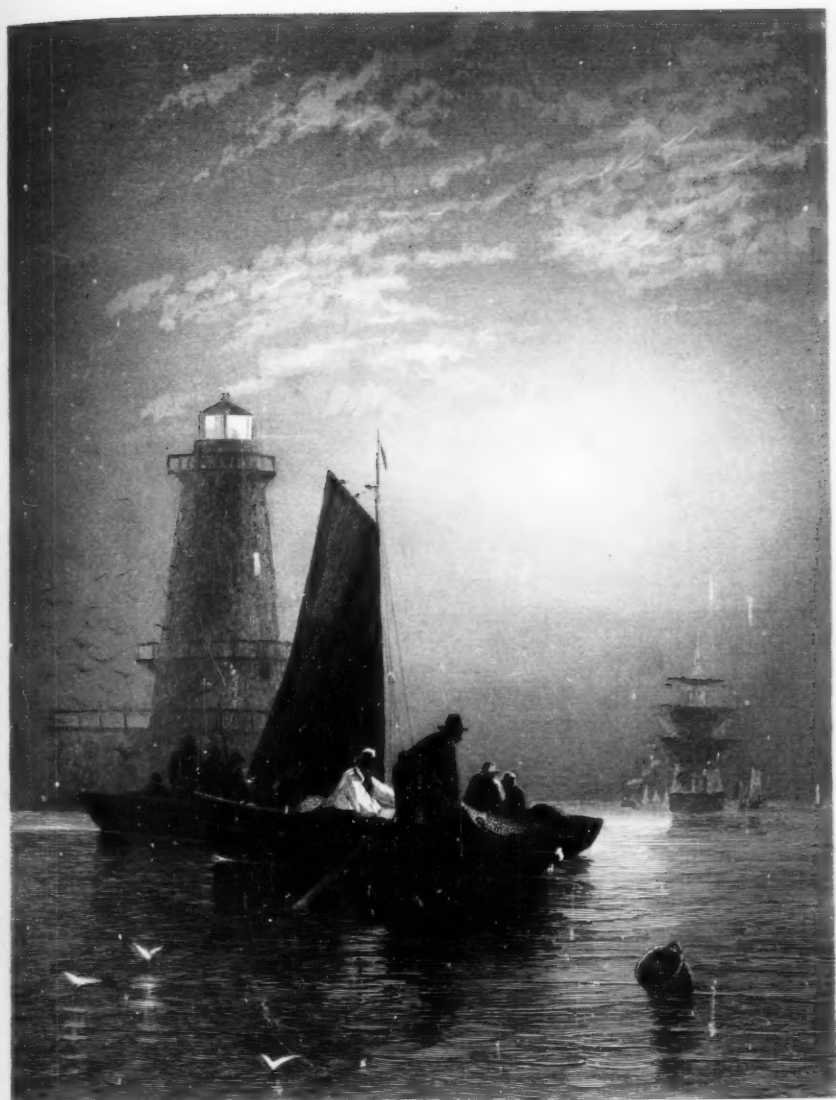
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THE Lighthouse on Long Point

THE Lighthouse on Long Point is one of the most interesting and beautiful of the many lighthouses of the United States.